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Selections.

From Blackwood's Magazine, for January.

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE POWER IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

THE influence exercised upon each other by England and the United States is already very great; and as the growing intercourse between the two countries enlarges, this influence will proportionately extend. Manners, customs, legislation, policy and institutions will gradually assimilate more and more. The theoretical good of such assimilation should be, that our age and matured caution should restrain their youth and too hasty inexperience; while their eager energy should push forward our occasionally lagging progress.

But there is a danger, as things are now turning, that the sympathies of the British people with their Transatlantic connections may lead them to an incorrect estimate of the value of American institutions, and thus to an imitation of that which is really faulty. It is of the first importance, therefore, to us, that our people generally should be familiar with the true nature and secret working especially of political institutions in the United States. Such knowledge will not only enable us to plant our feet more safely, but, we are satisfied, will make us all desire to plant them warily, in making those constitutional approximations which are sure to come.

Of the institutions not professedly national or political, that which most peculiarly signalises these States among so-called civilized nations is the institution of Slavery. The moral, social and religious character and influence of this institution have been often discussed, and are not unfamiliar to the British public; but its influence upon the political liberties of the American people, and especially the way in which it counterworks their apparently democratic constitution, are neither generally understood nor adequately appreciated among us. In drawing the attention of our readers, therefore, to this subject, as briefly as the largeness of the field will permit, we shall touch more lightly on the social and moral evils which spring from it, and more at length on its political bearing. Indeed, the almost universal circulation of the admirable work of Mrs. Beecher Stowe, and of its less attractive follower, *The White Slave*, renders the former in a great measure unnecessary; though even the touching pictures of these books will derive new weight when corroborated by independent testimony from a new quarter.

The States in which Slavery at present prevails are fifteen in number, and occupy the southern and southwestern part of the Union. With the exception of Kentucky and Missouri, they are all south of the parallel of 36° 30′ N., and skirt the shores of the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico; or (as is the case with Arkansas, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee) lie along the great rivers which traverse the wide valley of the Mississippi. The free population of those fifteen States is 6,393,758, and the number of slaves they contain 3,175,783.

It is interesting to remark how in this, as in so many other parts of the world, the home of slave labour and of permanent Slavery is, in a great degree, determined and limited by climate, physico-geographical and geological conditions. It is along the immediate coast-lines of the Atlantic and of the Mexican Gulf, and along the banks and branches of the great Mississippi, that Slavery found at first, and still finds, its most congenial abode—we had almost said its natural dwelling-place. A fringe of rich lowland, varying in breadth, skirts these seas and rivers, and yields the rice and sugar and cotton which are the staples of southern culture. Such is the tract of country in South Carolina and Georgia, which produces the famous sea-island cotton. The coast from the Santee river to the Savannah in the former State, and southward into Georgia, consists of

> "A series of islands—the famous sea-islands of the cotton markets. The mainland, which is separated from these islands by innumerable narrow and winding channels, is penetrated, for some distance inland, by a vast number of creeks and inlets. The islands present a bluff shore and a fine beach towards the ocean, but the opposite sides are often low and marshy. They were originally covered with a magnificent growth of the live or evergreen oak, one of the finest trees anywhere to be seen. The soil is light, but it possesses a fertility never yet attained in the dead and barren sands of the interior. These lands are protected by embankments from the tides and floods, and the fields are divided and drained by frequent dikes and ditches. Such of them as can be most conveniently irrigated with fresh water are cultivated as rice fields; the remainder are employed in the production of the long staple, or sea-island cotton—a species of vegetable wool, which excels every other in the length of its fibre, and almost rivals silk in strength and softness."—*White Slave*, p. 120.

This fringe extends inland for twenty or thirty miles. To the lower lands the negroes repair at the proper season of the year, and put in, tend, or reap the sea-island cotton and rice, which yield great returns. The white masters, and even the overseers, visit them as rarely as possible, the climate in the hot season being rife with fever, and fatal to the constitution of the white man.

Within this fringe of rich low-land, to which the black skin is only better suited than the white, lies a belt of barren sand, generally unfit for cultivation, and which, for hundreds of miles in length, girdles in the flat fertility of the Atlantic coast. Extending inland to a distance of eighty or a hundred miles from the coast, and occupying in South Carolina, for example, one-half of the surface of the State, this region forms, as most American travellers have seen,

> "One of the most barren, miserable, uninviting countries in the universe. In general, the soil is nothing but a thirsty sand, covered for miles and miles with forests of the long-leaved pine. These trees are called, in the excessive phrase of the country, *pine barrens*. For a great distance inland, these barrens preserve almost a perfect level, raised but a few feet above the surface of the sea. The tall, straight, branchless trunks of the scattered pines, rise like slender columns, and are crowned with a tuft of gnarly limbs, and long bristly leaves, through which the breezes murmur with a monotonous sound, much like that of falling waters, or waves breaking on a beach. . . . . .
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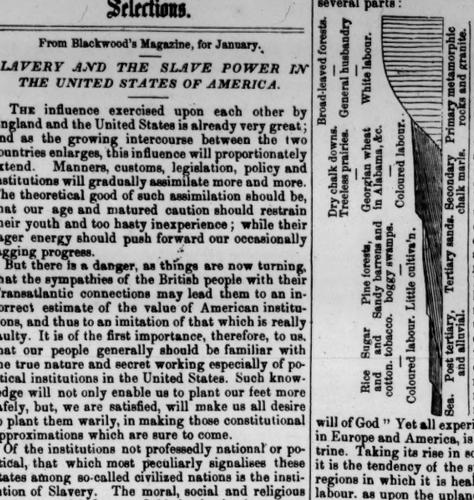
> "Throughout this extent of country there are only some small tracts, principally along the water-courses, which the costly and thriftless system of slave labour has found capable of improvement. All the rest still remains a primitive wilderness, with scarcely anything to interrupt its desolate and dreary monotony."

Within this singular sandy zone—between it and the first rise towards the Alleghanies—runs another belt of land, upon which, far as the eye can carry, only natural grasses exist, unless where settlements have been made, and the arts of husbandry have introduced a new vegetation. From the endless pine-forest the traveller escapes into a treeless prairie, distinguished by a soil resting on chalk or chalky marl, and, like the soils of our English chalk downs, absorbent of moisture, and naturally dry.

Of these three belts or zones, the low alluvial flat is widest in the southern States, and along the Gulf of Mexico; the pine belt probably in Georgia; and the chalk marl in Alabama, Mississippi, and Texas. Coloured labourers alone can cultivate the richest parts of the first; the second is for the most part in a state of nature; the third produces Georgian wheat, and other crops, if occasionally watered, but is naturally unfavourable to slave labour. But in regions where Slavery prevails, and field labour is supposed to degrade the white man, the institution of Slavery spreads wherever slave labour can be employed without actual loss; so that over the chalk region of Alabama, slave plantations are spread, and there is among the natural physical conditions of the country a circumstance which greatly favours the extension of a wealthy planting proprietary. The country, as we have said, is naturally dry, and, as in our own chalk districts, water is only to be obtained by sinking through the chalk. In 1849 there were already 500 wells in that State, sunk to a depth of from 400 to 600 feet, one being generally sunk on each plantation. Petty farming, and a minute division of the land, becomes, under such conditions, in a new country, all but impossible. Hence the slave culture of the low sea-board has leaped over the pine barrens—narrow in Alabama—and settled itself where free labour in another century, when the virgin freshness of the soil shall have gone, will alone be found remunerative.

Five Years' Progress of the Slave Power; a Chapter of American History. Boston, 1852.

The following section across the country, from the sea to the mountains, represents to the eye the substance of the preceding popular description, and exhibits at the same time the close relation which exists between the geological structure of the whole, and the kinds of culture and of human labour which appear at present the best adapted to each of its several parts:



It will be seen by the letterpress beneath this section, that each change in the agricultural character and value of the surface is coincident with a similar change in the geological character and age of the underlying rocks; so that the existence of Slavery and the economy of slave labour appear to be determined by the united influence of physical and geological influences. It was not without a show of broad natural reason, therefore, that Daniel Webster declared his conviction that California and New Mexico were unsuited to the condition of Slavery, so that he would not take the trouble of prohibiting it. "I would not take pains uselessly to re-affirm an ordinance of nature, nor to re-enact the will of God" Yet all experience, ancient and modern, in Europe and America, is opposed to Webster's doctrine. Taking its rise in some more favoured region, it is the tendency of the system to diffuse itself over regions in which it is healthy for the white man to labour, as upon the uplands of Alabama and Georgia, and the inland States of Kentucky and Tennessee. And no one will deny that the lords of the soil in California and Sonora might as profitably employ slave population in their silver mines and gold-washings, as the conquering Spaniards did the native races whom they successively subdued.

So much on the physical characters of the slave region, and their relation to the institution of Slavery. But a not less interesting feature, in connection with these States, is found in the classes of men by whom they are inhabited. We are accustomed to think only of the slaves and the free, as the main divisions of society in the southern States. But the free form two classes—the rich and the poor—which are as distinct from each other as the latter are from the slaves. Manual labour is beneath the dignity of a white man, so that if he is too poor to buy land and slaves, only the lowest and meanest pursuits of life are open to him; and he gradually sinks into a misery and degradation, and his children into a brutal ignorance, which are only less profound than among the mass of the slaves. To this fact one author alludes in the following terms:

> "In Carolina, as in Lower Virginia, the poor whites are extremely rude and ignorant, and acquainted with but few of the comforts of civilized life. They are idle, dissipated, and vicious, and with all that vulgar brutality of vice which poverty and ignorance render so conspicuous and disgusting. Without land, or, at best, possessing some little tract of barren and exhausted soil, which they have neither skill nor industry to render productive; without any trade or handicraft art; and looking upon all manual labour as degrading to freemen, and fit only for a state of servitude—these poor white men have become the jest of the slaves, and are at once feared and hated by the select aristocracy of rich planters. It is only the right of suffrage which they possess that preserves them the show of consideration and respect with which they are yet treated.
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> "It is this which makes the chief difference between the slaves and these poor whites. In North Carolina, a very great number of them can neither read nor write, nor tell their own age; nor are they, in any intellectual or moral respect (except that consciousness of their being their own masters—which goes so far towards making a man), superior to the generality of the plantation slaves. The system hangs like a millstone about their neck, since it makes almost every kind of manual labour disgraceful; and apart from manual labour, how few other chances have the poor to acquire that capital necessary to give them a start in the world? And yet, with all these impediments in their own way, it is still this class of the poor free whites which forms the substratum and basis of our southern civilization, such as it is—which insists most strenuously on the natural superiority of the white man, and is most shocked at the idea of allowing freedom to the 'nigger.'"—*The White Slave.*

Another writer speaks more calmly thus:

> "The Southern non-slaveholding white has not money to buy an education, and the public does not provide it for him. Partly from the policy of keeping him ignorant for the purposes of the slaveholder, partly from the essential difficulties of instituting common schools in a country cut up into large tracts for plantations, the common-school system does not exist in the slave States. The non-slaveholding white grows up ignorant, and continues so: and with ignorance comes its natural companions—shiftlessness, poverty, love of low vices, want of self-respect, servility. In 1840, according to the census of that year, more than one free person in nine in North Carolina was unable so much as to read and write. In 1830, Governor Campbell of Virginia told his legislature that of 4,614 men, applicants for marriage-licenses, 1,047 could not write their names."—*Five Years' Progress of the Slave Power*, p. 6.

Struck with these statements, we naturally ask what numerical proportion the poor bear to the rich, or slaveholding whites, in these States; and the answer to this question only adds to our surprise. No general census of the number of slaveholders in the States has ever been taken; but in 1848 such a census was taken in the State of Kentucky. This State possessed then 192,470 slaves, and only 8,743 slave-owners, being an average of more than twenty-two slaves to each master. From this and other data, it has been estimated that the number of slaveholding voters does not exceed 100,000; and, allowing six to a family, that not more than 600,000 persons are directly interested in and supported by the labour of slaves. But the white population of the slave States amounts to 6,169,387,* so that of this poor and degraded class there are not less than 5,569,387, or they are to the rich and educated as 9 to 1! Whatever temptations the free States may present to our emigrating population, neither the charms of society, nor the love of knowledge, nor the hope of speedily bettering his condition, can lure a man to leave his paternal home for a residence in the southern States.

A knowledge of this condition of things explains why there is so large a number of restless men in these southern States ready for every emergency, and panting after an outlet, just or unjust, for the exercise of their festering energies. It explains also, what at first sight is very inexplicable on this side of the Atlantic, that the whole free population of the slave States is actually decreasing instead of increasing, as we are in the habit of believing to be the case all over the Union. Thus, in the two censuses of 1840 and 1850, the total free population in the free and slave States respectively was as follows:

	1840.	1850.
Free States	9,654,865	13,533,328
Slave States	7,290,710	6,393,758†

So that, while in the last ten years the population of the free States has increased by nearly four millions, that of the slave States, though Texas has been added to them in the interval, has diminished by nine hundred thousand. And if the condition of the mass of the whites in these States be really such as we have above represented it, there is a vast useless redundancy of white men. It is not surprising, therefore, that as many of the poor as can find the means should wish to leave the slave States, and that the population should, in consequence, rapidly decrease.

Leaving now the seat of Slavery in North America—its physical characteristics, and the classes of men by whom it is occupied—we turn to the institution itself; and the first thing in regard to it that strikes every one not a citizen of the United States, is the inconsistency of its existence with the early history of the commonwealth, and with their famous Declaration of Independence.

On the 4th of July, 1776, the delegates of thirteen British colonies in North America—the immortal fifty-six—were solemnly met in Philadelphia, John Hancock, president, in the chair. On the motion of Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, one of their number, seconded by John Adams, of Massachusetts, this assembly declared the said thirteen colonies to be thenceforward *free, sovereign* and *independent* States—that the political connection with Great Britain was for ever out asunder, and that they relied for success on the justice of their cause, *with a strong confidence in the overruling providence of God.* Every year since that famous Declaration, the 4th of July has been held in all corners of the United States as a great national holiday. Amid universal rejoicings, the young are publicly catechised on the events of 1776, while the grown-up are haranged in set speeches in praise of political liberty, in natural commendation of the patriots of the Revolution, and in equally natural exaggeration of the tyranny of Great Britain, and her insufferable oppression.* In the preparation of such addresses, the genius of the greatest orators of the country has exercised itself; and it is only just to say, that among them are to be found many bursts of brilliant and stirring eloquence.

The Declaration of Independence drawn up by Jefferson commenced with these memorable words—"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." At the time of the Declaration, the thirteen confederated States contained a free population of about two and a-half millions, and a slave population of about half a million. And at the very moment when Jefferson penned, and Congress issued to the world, the above sentence, as an excuse for breaking their allegiance, they were taking measures to rivet immovably the chains of Slavery on half a million of their own countrymen, whom darker skins and thicker lips rendered unworthy of the liberty which was the inalienable birthright of the white race! Of what a bundle of inconsistencies are we made up.

The two pictures, the ancient and the modern, how strangely do they contrast with each other! In 1776, the Parliament of Great Britain attempted to impose a small tax on the tea consumed by two and a half millions of people, living upon a territory which Great Britain had settled, fostered, and protected for centuries from native and foreign enemies. No one will deny that to this people the mother country had, during this long period, done many friendly and good offices; yet, for attempting to lay upon them a small fraction of the pecuniary burdens which overloaded the home population, they went to war with her under a firm belief—which they still entertain, and inculcate upon their children—that the struggle was a just and holy one.

We recollect once having been conducted, by a learned New England professor, well known in Europe, to see the pictures in the Trumbull Gallery of Yale College, in Connecticut, when, with that delicate taste and tact which other English travellers have admired in their Yankee cousins, he drew my special attention to such of the historical pictures as represented events in the war of the Revolution which were peculiarly unfavourable to the British arms. "Ay, sir," he then added, in concluding his description, "if ever there was a holy war, it was that one!"

We did not then, nor is it necessary to our purpose now, to dispute an opinion, based upon our own constitutional axiom, that no one should be taxed without his own consent, actual or implied, and which many English-born still strenuously hold. But we ask our readers to look at another picture, and to judge it with equal calmness and candour.

In 1852, the descendants of the two and a half millions who revolted in 1776 hold in bondage three and one-third millions of native-born Americans, and retain, in a state of humiliating social and political inferiority, nearly half a million more of free coloured men. To these three and five-sixth millions, to whom life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness ought to be an inalienable birthright, the United States, as a community, have never performed a tithe of the good offices which their own forefathers had received from Great Britain previous to the Revolution. On the contrary, not only has liberty been withheld from them—the pursuit of earthly happiness in their own way forbidden—even the road to heaven all but closed against them—but it has been declared felony in any citizen of the United States to help on his way an unhappy "fugitive from labour," who may be risking a hazardous flight to a land of freedom. If the war were holy which the two and a half millions waged in 1776, to avoid the imposition of a slight tax without their own consent, can it be either an "unnatural rebellion against just rights" or an interference with a "wise dispensation of Providence" when, in 1852, nearly four millions of men in the same land *consult* about raising themselves above the brute beasts? The American-born was branded as a traitor to his country, who, in the Revolutionary War, did not sympathize with the two and a half millions in their battle for independence; and, strange inconsistency! he is equally a traitor, in 1852, who does sympathize with the four millions in their merely moral and intellectual struggles for individual freedom. And while France was lauded as the noblest of friends, and worthy of eternal gratitude, when, to serve her own ends, she sent armed men across the Atlantic to aid in the revolutionary contest, all Europe is now proclaimed the enemy of America, and the fomenter of discord, if she send across the same ocean, to more numerous millions, the merely spiritual sympathy of hopes and wishes for the amelioration of their lot! Look at this picture, candid reader, and at that, and say if man is not everywhere and at all times equally inconsistent. Abstract right yields to circumstances equally in the most absolute autocracy and in the so-called freest democracy. "Might makes right" was plead in England in behalf of the doings of bloody Mary—"Might makes right" re-echoes, three centuries after, from the democratic halls of the Capitol at Washington.

It was a tacit acknowledgment of inconsistency in the framers of the constitution of the United States that, though so many persons were at the moment held in bondage, the word slave is not once, we believe, applied to them in that most important document. They attempted by this omission to disguise, or, as it were, to conceal from themselves and the world the existence of a sore, which, like a gnawing cancer, was destined yet to eat into their very vitals. And not only did they exclude all reference to Slavery, but all countenance also to the idea that *there could* be property in man. Thus, when it was proposed to the first Congress, by the delegates of North Carolina and Virginia, to pass an enactment that "no *freeman* ought to be deprived of his life, *liberty*, or property, but by the law of the land," the resolution was amended into "No *person* shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law." And again, when the continuance of the slave trade was discussed in the Convention, and it was agreed that until 1808 the trade should be allowed to continue, it was added, "but a tax or duty might be imposed on such importation, not exceeding two dollars on *each person*." Thus, with the word slave, it was attempted to exclude from the federal resolutions all allusion to the idea that, amid their struggles for personal liberty, so many of the Federation were acting on the idea that man could be held as mere property by his fellow. But retribution in various forms is rapidly overtaking even the noble-hearted and the generous among this growing and gallant people. "The fathers ate sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge."

I. The first, and what may ultimately prove the most fatal form of retribution, is gradually developing itself in the growing numbers, strength and intelligence of the coloured races. Already that Slavery which, by the early Confederation, was so carefully covered from view, has so forced itself into public and prominent notice, as to have become the great American question of the time—controlling cabinets, influencing diplomacy, and determining the public choice for all the great offices of state; and this because, in spite of all drawbacks, the increase of the coloured population of the States has been constant, steady, and tolerably uniform. It has not kept pace, it is true, with that of the whites, but this chiefly because of the extraordinary immigration of white men which is constantly taking place from Europe. Thus, at the seven decennial periods since 1790, when the first census was made, their numbers and rate of increase, compared with that of the free inhabitants, has been as follows:

	FREE POPULATION:		SLAVE POPULATION.	
	Number.	Rate of Inc.	Number.	Rate of Inc.
1790	3,924,544	..	697,397	..
1800	5,305,941	35.1 per ct.	892,406	27.8 per ct.
1810	7,223,889	36.1 "	1,190,930	33.4 "
1820	9,643,211	33.4 "	1,536,127	28.9 "
1830	12,867,511	33.4 "	2,007,913	30.7 "
1840	17,064,688	32.6 "	2,486,138	23.8 "
1850	23,351,207	36.8 "	3,178,055	29.4 "

Supposing the increase to proceed in the same ratio during the next ten years, the two classes will number respectively, in 1860:

Free.....32,000,000 | Slave.....4,130,000

In the same year, 1860, there will be half a million of free coloured people, so that, in the midst of the thirty-two millions of free white men, there will be nearly five millions of black and coloured people, partially enlightened, and having the "best blood of the States" flowing in their veins—all whose interests, hopes and aspirations will be opposed to those of the white population. These numbers, it is true, are too disproportioned to cause any fear of dangerous or difficult rebellion, were it not that the slaves are massed together in large bodies in particular States.* With the most favourable form of distribution, they would be a source of internal weakness—such as Poland is to Russia, Hungary to Austria—or as some have considered Ireland to be to Great Britain, with this momentous difference, that there can be but one opinion as to the oppressed condition of the slave.

But to those States in which, as we have said, the coloured people are massed together, their growing numbers must every year become a source of greater anxiety, and the preservation of peace and order more critical and difficult. This will very clearly appear, if we compare the relative free and slave populations in some of these States, even at the present time. Thus the following States contain respectively:

	Free Whites.	Slaves.
Louisiana	254,271	230,807
Mississippi	291,536	300,419
Alabama	425,515	342,894
Georgia	513,083	362,966
South Carolina	274,775	384,925
	1,760,180	1,622,011

With a slave population in these five States nearly equal in number to the free, and in two of them, South Carolina and Mississippi, actually exceeding the free in number, can we wonder that anxiety should prevail, and the constant fear of insurrection? or that cruelty, the child of suspicion, should be the frequent produce of such circumstances? And as the current of slave migration is continually tending towards the same States, this condition of uneasiness, uncertainty, and alarm, can only augment with lapse of time. Were these States, therefore, or any one of them, to break off from the Union, and to become independent, the existence of internal peace would become eminently doubtful and hazardous. It is the manifest interest, therefore, of these States to maintain the Union inviolate; and, notwithstanding the threats of secession which some of them may make, we cannot believe they will ever seriously think of doing more than make demonstrations.

In considering the results, immediate and remote, of this increase and massing together of the slave population, our attention has been drawn to two circumstances, in which we seem to perceive the finger of Providence manifestly interfering to maintain for the present and extend this melancholy institution. The first we find in the following quotation:

> "On the very day of the cession by Virginia of her north-western territory to the Confederacy, viz., March, 1st 1781, Mr. Jefferson, a delegate from that State, reported to the Congress of the Confederation a plan for the government of 'all the territory ceded, or to be ceded, by the individual States to the United States.' It provided that it should be from time to time 'formed into distinct States, and that, after the year 1800 of the Christian era, there should be *neither Slavery nor involuntary servitude in any of the said States*, otherwise than for the punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted to have been personally guilty.' Had this plan been adopted, it would have stopped the extension of Slavery on the ridge of the Alleghany Mountains. It failed by one of those *singular accidents* which sometimes give a direction to events for generations and centuries. Of the twenty-three delegates present and voting, sixteen were in favour of the proviso, and seven against it. But in the Congress of the Confederation the vote was taken by States. A majority of the thirteen States was necessary to carry a measure, and no State could vote unless represented by two delegates. Six States voted for the proviso, three against it. Delaware and Georgia were not represented. The two delegates from North Carolina neutralized each other's vote. New Jersey had but one delegate present. He voted for the plap, but his colleague, who would have voted with him, and carried it, was called away from Congress a day or two before, and detained a day or two after the decision of the question, and so that most salutary measure failed. It was revived by Mr. Dane, of Massachusetts, in 1787, and carried, but then in a more limited form, being made to apply only to the territory north-west of the Ohio."—*Five Years' Progress of the Slave Power*, p. 10.

This extract adds another to the many illustrations which history presents of the dependence of great events upon minute and apparently accidental circumstances. A toothache, or some trivial business, keeps a member of Congress from his post on a particular day, and, in consequence, the blight of Slavery spreads over half a continent, and threatens to convulse the world. But this extract teaches us also, that while we express our sense of the inconsistency of the original promoters of the Revolution, in retaining so large a proportion of their own people in bondage, while they proclaimed so loudly the natural rights of man, and, for a comparatively slight cause, went to war to maintain them; we must do them the justice to believe, that they were themselves sensible of this inconsistency, and that a majority of them not only wished to confine the institution within its existing limits, but hoped also to see a general emancipation speedily brought about. The number of slaves in 1790, fourteen years after the Declaration of Independence, was about 700,000. Of these, Virginia owned 293,000, and Maryland and North Carolina together, 200,000 more; and in these States, as well as in Delaware, emancipation was desired alike by statesmen and by people. Only South Carolina, which owned 107,000, and Georgia, with her 29,000, of all the States manifested, it is said, a desire to prolong and maintain "the odious condition of things." How changed are the sentiments and the wishes, both of the people and of their legislators, in the now approaching manhood of the Republic!

The second circumstance in which we recognise the hand of Providence, is connected with this change in opinions and desires among the American people. Before any serious steps were taken to abolish Slavery, the culture of cotton was introduced into the southern States, and secured, we may say, its almost indefinite extension and continuance. In the year 1789, only one million pounds of cotton were grown in the United States; now the produce amounts to about 1,500,000,000 of pounds! How great a stimulus this has proved to the employment of slave labour, by which it is raised, and to the rapid multiplication of the slaves themselves, can easily be imagined. The influence of the potato on the social, moral, and industrial character of the Irish people has been long recognised among us. But the history of the cotton-plant shows how powerful a control an obscure plant may exercise, not only over the social character of a people, but over their general material prosperity, their external political power, and their relations with the world at large. The cotton shrub, which seventy years ago was grown only in gardens as a curiosity, yields now to the United States an amount of exportable produce which, in the year ending in June, 1850, amounted to seventy-two millions of dollars, of which from thirty to forty millions were clear profit to the country. With its increased growth has sprung up that mercantile navy, which now waves its stripes and stars over every sea, and that foreign influence which has placed the internal peace, we may say the subsistence of millions, in every manufacturing country in Europe, within the power of an oligarchy of planters.

The effect of this new, growing, and profitable outlet for slave labour was not only to strengthen the attachment of South Carolina and Georgia, and of the new States of Kentucky and Tennessee, to the "peculiar institution," but materially to alter also the emancipation views of North Carolina and Virginia. To these States the sale of slaves became a sudden source of certain wealth, coming in, as it were providentially, to eke out the failing returns of their ill-managed and exhausted soils. The new and growing commerce soon gave birth, likewise, in the free States themselves, to a large mercantile, manufacturing, and monied party, whom self-interest has constantly inclined to support the views and policy of the southern States.

We mention, as individually important and influential circumstances, though only incidental to our wider question, the discovery of the cotton-gin by Whitney (in 1793), and among ourselves of the spinning-roller by Arkwright (in 1769), and of the power-loom by Cartwright (in 1785). Each of these machines removed obstacles which stood in the way of the increased consumption of cotton, and gave a new impulse to a species of cultivation, by which it is intended that slaves should meanwhile be multiplied, and Slavery itself extended over new dominions. For what final purpose, with a view to what mysterious end, are they thus encouraged and multiplied and massed together? Is it that a more sure vengeance may at last be exacted—the increasing coloured outnumbering the decreasing uncoloured population? Is another Toussaint to arise, more pale-faced than the first, the descendant of a Washington, or inheriting in his mixed blood the spirit of a Jefferson, to vindicate the rights of his race? Or, before this arrives, are the white lords of the South to become at last weary of the meddling benevolence and interfering humanity of the North, and letting loose their hordes of desperate and unemployed poor, to overrun and subdue the less prepared and less unanimous, if not less brave regions, from which Slavery is excluded, and beside the early cradle of American liberty to trample it to death in its early manhood? Into what form or fashion of evil is the final contingency to shape itself? And by what gracious interference has Great Britain been disposed to shake herself wholly free from the vile contamination?

II. A second form of this retribution is seen in the influence which Slavery already exercises over the moral and social condition of the people. It is a corruptor of morals, both national and individual; an enemy to knowledge; a barrier to progress; a paralyzer of industry; a perverter of religion; a despiser of the restraints of law; an enemy to just social legislation; the mother and nurse of unjust social prejudice.

Of its broader influences on the moral sense of a professedly Christian community, history does not present a more remarkable example than that which is exhibited by the so called breeding States of Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina. We cannot pollute our pages by describing the immoral grossness to which the system is said to give rise in every plantation.* The following extract in reference to the State of Virginia alludes to it in the language of one of the representatives of Congress:

> "One of the most melancholy results of the system of Slavery in Virginia, especially since slave labour ceased to be profitable within the State itself, is the attention which proprietors have been induced to pay to the breeding and rearing of slaves, and to the regular sale of the human produce to the Southern States, as a means of adding to their ordinary farming produce—as a branch, in fact, of common rural industry! One of the Representatives to Congress from Virginia, in a pamphlet on the Slavery question, recently published, says, 'Virginia has a slave population of near half a million, *whose value is chiefly dependent on southern demand*;' and the gentleman who states this fact, is a defender of the system! 'In plain English,' said Mr. Stevens, one of the members for Pennsylvania, when commenting on this statement before the House—'in plain English, what does it mean? That Virginia is now fit to be the breeder, not the employer, of slaves—that her present chivalry are compelled to turn slave-traders for a livelihood. Instead of attempting to renovate the soil, and by their own honest labour, compelling the earth to yield her abundance—instead of seeking for the best breeds of cattle and horses to feed on her hills and valleys, and fertilise the land, the sons of the great States must devote their time to selecting and grooming the most lusty sires and the most fruitful wenches to supply the slave barracoons of the South; and the learned gentleman pathetically laments that the profits of this great traffic will be vastly lessened by the circumscription of Slavery. This is his picture, not mine.'"—JOHNSON'S *Notes on North America*, vol. ii. p. 354.

The temptation to this strange occupation, on the part of the proud old Virginian planters, is thus set forth in another extract from the same author:

> "It seems a very cool thing to calculate the actual profit of such a branch of husbandry, and yet it is necessary to do so, that the reader may see the nature of the hold it is likely to take on the planter's mind.
>
> "The highest price obtained for Indian corn by the grower in Virginia may be stated at half a dollar a bushel, and the highest allowance of food to a grown slave at 16 bushels of this corn a year.† Suppose a slave to be reared and fed for each of twenty successive years with this large annual allowance,‡ when full grown, he would have consumed less than 300 bushels of corn, and would have cost for keeping less than 150 dollars. His labour, meanwhile, would far more than pay for the little clothing he obtains, and for other small expenses, and his master would sell him for 200 dollars or more. Thus he would obtain the highest price for his corn, work his land with the young slaves (that is, raise the corn itself as well as his tobacco, cotton, and other produce), and receive besides a premium of at least 50 dollars a head, as interest upon his capital invested. Hence, if there be a ready market for slaves, this business will be a most profitable one to the individual breeder."—*Ibid.* ii. p. 355.

Nor is it merely in its relations to the individual slave farmer that the system has an enticing aspect. It appears no less important as a branch of the State resources, when contemplated as a whole by Virginian legislators. Another simple calculation will illustrate this. The average annual increase of the slave population during the last ten years has been nearly 3 per cent (correctly, 2.94 per cent) in the whole United States. This is notwithstanding the fatal character of the climate, and the alleged oppressive labour of the Southern States. The natural annual increase must be more than 3 per cent. in healthy States like Virginia, where the slave is not only not oppressed by hard labour, but is tended carefully, and nourished with a view to the market. Now, during the last twenty years, the slave population of Virginia has been virtually stationary, the numbers being in

1830,.....470,000, and in
1850,.....474,000.

Taking the natural and real increase at only 3 per cent upon 470,000, this State has annually exported a crop of slaves numbering 14,100 at least. A healthy male or female slave, of 16 to 20 years, sells at 400 to 600 dollars; but reckoning the average price of the crop at only 320 dollars, this yearly sale will bring in to the State of Virginia the large sum of 4,512,000 dollars. But Virginia produces annually 50,000,000 lb. of tobacco, and 2,500,000 lb. of cotton, the value of which, at an average of 8 1-2 cents a lb., is 4,375,000 dollars. That is to say, the slave-rearing husbandry brings in more money yearly into Virginia than its main agricultural staples, cotton and tobacco, do. With such a state of things, telling directly upon the pockets of individuals, and upon the statistical calculations of the State financier, can we wonder that the whole population should have become blinded and insensible to the moral atrocity of the system by which they are sustained?

But, beside being a corrupter of morals, Slavery is *an enemy to knowledge*. Its existence, indeed, is inconsistent with, because it is constantly endangered by, the unrestricted diffusion of knowledge. We have already seen how true this is, in the description we have given of the poorer whites in the slave States, and how the want of schools renders it impossible that their children of the next generation should be wiser or more enlightened than themselves. Even of Virginia, which is so near the seat of the Federal Government, and open, as one might suppose, to all the civilizing influences of the age, it was recently stated in the report of a committee of the New York State Legislature—

> "That while in the primary schools of the State of New York there were 500,000 pupils,* in those of Virginia there were only 35,000. And that while of persons who could neither read nor write there were less than 70,000 in the State of New York, there were upwards of 500,000 in Virginia."

And farther South the restraints on knowledge are increased. The pulpit is restrained, the press is gagged, the bookshop is purged, and even the Federal post-offices are closed against the introduction of dangerous literature. What a price is this to pay for liberty to hold a fellow man in bondage!

But it is *a barrier to progress*. In many ways might this be illustrated. Compare again the two old States of Virginia and New York, as to population and produce.

First. In 1790, the population of Virginia (748,000) was double that of New York (340,000), while in 1850 the population of New York State (3,000,000) was more than double that of Virginia. Or, stating it otherwise, the population of Virginia in 1800 was in the proportion of 11.9, and in New York of 11.7 persons per square mile, while in 1850 there were in the former only 20 persons to the square mile.

Second. The annual products of the State of New York, in 1840, amounted in value to seventy-nine dollars for each individual of the population; while in Virginia, they were estimated at only sixty-two dollars. And these great differences have gradually established themselves, although Virginia enjoys a fine climate, possesses a fertile soil, is rich in minerals and timber; has magnificent rivers descending from the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies eastward to the Atlantic and westward to the Ohio; has harbours rivalling the safest and most capacious in the world; and boasts an extent of territory one-half greater than that of the State of New York.

But new States also, slave and free, even such as closely adjoin each other, present similar differences. Along the northern banks of a large river lies free Ohio; along the southern banks of the same river stretches slaveholding Kentucky. Both are richly favoured in soil, in climate, and in mineral productions; and both have nearly the same area in square miles.† Now, at the commencement of the century (in 1800), Kentucky had already a population of 220,000, while Ohio had only 45,000. But at the end of half a century (in 1850), the population of Ohio had risen to 1,981,000—, while that of Kentucky was only 993,000, including 211,000 slaves. The ordinary revenue of the former amounted, in 1850 to 2,500,000 dollars, while that of the latter was under 600,000. In Ohio, also, there were in the same year 421,000 children attending 12,000 schools—the average attendance being 337,000; while in Kentucky only 178,000 children were enrolled in the primary schools, with an average attendance of only 73,000. To account for these striking differences between New York and Virginia, and between Ohio and Kentucky, there is only one available cause—the existence of Slavery in the one pair of States, and not in the other. And in making these comparisons we have given Slavery every advantage, Virginia and Kentucky being decidedly the most forward among the States which possess a large number of slaves—marks of laggardness, we might almost say of retrogression, in the social scale, multiplying upon us as we proceed towards the South and West.

And all this arises from the operation of Slavery as a *paralyzer of industry*. At the beginning of the present century, Slavery still existed in the State of New York; it was not abolished till 1825. In the following picture, by an eye-witness—a friend of our own—of the habits of the white farmers on the Hudson river before the abolition, we have a reproduction of what the traveller still sees as he passes through the slave States in 1853:

> "Those were the times when only the blacks laboured. The white man considered himself above labour. The work of the slaves had to support the white man and his family, besides themselves and their own families. With the useless mouths to feed, and the useless backs to clothe, he was considered a successful farmer who could make both ends meet.
>
> "It was then the custom of the white men, both old and young, of a neighbourhood, by eleven o'clock in the morning, to collect at the nearest public houses. In many townships there were scores of them. Kinderhook (on the Hudson river) had its share. There they remained talking and drinking till early dinner-time, and returned again by 5 in the afternoon, and spent the evening, till probably midnight, in drinking, gambling, cock-fighting, horse-racing, or perhaps fighting. Idleness led the way to immorality, and to frequent ruin on the part of the whites."

Another picture from the same pen shows how things changed when Slavery came to an end.

> "But when the abolition of Slavery came, 'who will till our farms?' it was asked. 'We shall all be ruined.' But gradually good sense overcame prejudice. The freed blacks were at first hired as labourers, but white labour gradually took its place, and now the 'dignity of labour' is the watchword of a powerful party in the confederation. The sons of the farmer, instead of spending his time in idleness and dissipation, from a kind of necessity, became, first producers, and afterwards intelligent interested improvers. Old uncomfortable houses gave

tidiness, overspreads a land with wastefulness, dissipation, and discomfort.

But Slavery is also a *perverter of religion*. Among the actual upholders of Slavery, there are thousands who acknowledge it to be a great evil, and long for some available way of abolishing it. And we are willing to believe that there are also among them some who conscientiously believe in the abstract lawfulness of Slavery, and uphold it as not inconsistent with any divine command. We base this opinion upon the circumstance—one peculiarly monstrous and abhorrent to our British ideas—that among the holders of slaves are to be found many churches and clergy, not only of the Roman Catholic, but of nearly every Protestant denomination. During the prevalence of cholera, a Bishop Polk was mentioned as having lost sixty-four slaves. Protestant churches are endowed with property in slaves, and pay the stipends of their clegy out of the proceeds. And we have before us a table published in 1851 by an American society, which professes to show that, in the Union, there are upwards of 16,000 Protestant clergy who, with their enrolled members, numbering 11-3 millions, are concerned in the holding of not less than 660,000—more than one-fifth of the whole slave population. We suppose it is upon some calculation like this that Mr. Hildreth founds his statement that "at least half of those who call themselves ministers of the gospel, sedulously inculcate that the negroes are in nature mere animals, intended to be used as horses, to be kept forever under the yoke, and not capable of being anything but slaves." And granting this to be—what we hope and believe that it is—a gross exaggeration—still, how far removed from the pure benevolence of the gospel must their preaching be, when an author can venture to publish, and a wide American public can read and approve of, such statements as these. A celebrated North American divine is said to characterize Slavery as one of what he calls the *organic* sins of the community, for which "nobody is individually responsible."

Guided by such teachers, we can believe that many of the slaveholders may conscientiously maintain the abstract lawfulness of the system, however inconsistent it may be with democratic equality. But are the teachers themselves all mere advocates? Are none of them sincere in what they teach? What are we to think of the person referred to in the following statement published by the Rev. John D. Choules, a pastor in Massachusetts?

"While attending the Baptist Convention at Richmond, Virginia, in the spring of 1835, as a delegate from Massachusetts, I had a conversation on Slavery with an officer of the Baptist church in that city, at whose house I was a guest. I asked my host if he did not apprehend that the slaves would eventually rise and exterminate the masters. 'Why,' said the gentleman, 'I used to apprehend such a catastrophe, but God has made a providential opening—*a merciful safety-valve*—and now I do not feel alarmedat the prospect of what is coming.' 'What do you mean,' said I, 'by Providence opening a merciful safety-valve?' 'Why, I will tell you. The slave-traders come from the cotton and sugar plantations of the South, and are willing to buy up more slaves than we can part with. We must keep a stock for the purpose of rearing slaves, but we part with the most valuable, and at the same time the most dangerous; and the demand is very constant, and likely to be so, for when they go to these Southern States the *average existence is only five years.*'"—*Slavery, and Internal Slave Trade, p.* 86.

Is this the cant of ignorance, or the cant of hypocrisy? In either case it illustrates how Slavery is the perverter of religion.

That it is *a despiser of the restraints of law and order*, is seen in the unsettled condition of society in the newer slave States, and in the occasional ebullitions of individual and popular fury, to which the hatred of Abolitionists and the dread of insurrection at intervals give rise. In all the old slave States our obedience to the law, and of the possibility of the slave becoming a free man, and possibly even a respected citizen, have been inherited from the period of British rule, and influence still in some degree the most absolute of the slave-owners. But in the remote regions over which the new slaves States extend, the rights of the master have been the leading consideration since they first began to be peopled by broken-down planters from the north and east, so that the restraints of old civilisation have scarcely found as yet a fixed home in this unfavourable soil. It is natural, indeed, that the farther men are removed from the influences of general civilization and a really free press, the more should the animal in their constitution predominate over the intellectual and the moral.

[To be Continued.]

From the Liberator.

REPLY OF HON. HORACE MANN TO WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

West Newton, April 4, 1853.

W. L. Garrison, Esq.*—*Dear Sir:* In Mr. Phillips' late speech—aggression and misquotation together—he began his attack upon me with some forty or fifty lines. Transcribing his assault, I occupied less than a column in reply. He rejoined, with irrelevant matter, new misquotations and new attacks, in three columns. To my surrejoinder, he has now replied in——only five columns!

Does not this, Mr. Editor, look rather formidable for a weekly? I observe, however, notwithstanding the manner in which your columns were crowded, you could spare a conspicuous corner, just to tell the public that Mr. Phillips was right, and I wrong. I do not complain of this; for how, without somebody's telling them, could your readers ever find it out?

I now proceed to show, that Mr. Phillips has extended his columns, as Alexander, the son of another Philip, did his kingdom, until, at the slightest concussion, they must fall to pieces of themselves.

In one sense, indeed, I confess myself baffled by the last five columns! I have looked them through to mark distinct misstatements of fact, substitutions of premises, and imputations of false inference, and have found seventy-five departures from truth. After counting, I stand ready to prove that Mr. Phillips has wrought into his last letter seventy-five substantive errors and misstatements, moral and logical; and if such a crop were worth gleaning, I have left enough for gleaners besides! It is a most wonderful packing of goods morally contraband. They do not stow closer for the Middle Passage. The moral atmosphere of the one is as offensive as the physical atmosphere of the other.

Can I reply to all these individually? Certainly not. One might as well attempt to crush all Pharaoh's locusts between his thumb and finger. But I can anatomize and exhibit some rare specimens.

In my last, I stated the terms on which our discussion should proceed: '*Honest quotations*,' '*Non-introduction of extraneous matter*,' '*No imputation of bad motive*.' Were not these fair terms? They were my flag of truce. Mr. Phillips has grossly violated it.

For the half-dozenth time, at least, Mr. Phillips reproduces the irrelevant, personal and immoral charges of infidelity to the coloured children of Massachusetts. Justice to my own character and consciousness compel me to give these charges a prompt and peremptory denial. They are all untrue; flagrantly untrue.

He makes the above charges in the most offensive form. He accuses me of 'smothering my convictions'—which, of course, no honest and Christian man can do. He accuses me of 'systematic and designed silence,' and says I shall yet 'live to repent of the wrong I did the coloured children of the State.' Of course, he says I still cherish my old sins, and hold them unrepented of. Speaking of the efforts of himself and friends in behalf of coloured children, he says I 'never gave them one word of recognition, countenance or aid.'

I shall cite a few facts, among many others, and leave the public to decide whether Mr. Phillips did not know his words to be untrue.

1. Nearly twenty years ago, and early in the history of the Blind Institution, as one of its Trustees, I made a report in favour of admitting all coloured children, on the same terms as white children were admitted; and under all circumstances, I have always acted up to the principles of that report, without variableness or shadow of turning. Mr. Phillips taunts me frequently with being young in the cause. Can he turn to any record of positive acts on his own part of so early a date?

2. Some eight or ten years ago, on a day preceding the admission of pupils to the Bridgewater Normal School, an express came to me from an assistant teacher, saying that the Principal was away, and that a gentleman had called to learn whether coloured pupils could be admitted, as he wished to offer *two* on the morrow. Instantaneously I replied that 'my eyesight was tolerably good, but never would be sharp enough to discern any difference of colour between applicants qualified for admission to the school.' The pretended applicants never applied. It was doubtless a base trick, played with the hope of entrapping. Though it occurred not very far from the time of one of Mr. Phillips' attacks upon me, I do not mean to turn suspicion upon him as its author; and yet I would a thousand times rather have been the object of that trick, than of his present conduct.

3. In regard to the rights of coloured children, in our schools, and because I 'never gave one word of recognition, ocuntenance or aid'—mark, not so much as *one word of aid*—to him and his friends, Mr. Phillips says he rebuked me 'five years ago,' *Nine years ago*, I published articles and arguments, in my *Common School Journal*, vindicating the right of coloured children to attend our public schools with whites; and elsewhere, I followed up those arguments repeatedly with tongue and pen.

4. I wrote and sent to the City Solicitor of Boston an argument against the separate coloured school in Boston, and in favour of the distribution of the coloured children among the other schools.

5. The statute of 1845, ch. 214—now eight years since—was passed after consultation with me, and with my hearty approval. As every one knew, its object was to make the Common Law certain by a statute law; and to ensure, beyond contingency, the equal rights of all the coloured children in the State. We all thought it had done so. It was since I left the Secretaryship, that the intent of that law has been frustrated by a decision of the Supreme Court; but notwithstanding my general respect for the decisions of that tribunal, I have never failed to express my dissent from that particular decision, as conflicting both with the spirit of our Constitution and the spirit of Humanity.

6. In my reports, I uniformly stated the law to be such as would confer upon coloured children equal school privileges, in all respects, with white ones, which I believe it did. Where the practice did not conform to the theory, I laboured to make it do so, and when I left the Secretaryship, we had nearly succeeded. An omission to assault and belabour the three or four towns that sustained coloured schools, no more proves indifference to the cause of coloured children, than the omission to name slaves and Slavery in the Constitution of the United States proves that a majority of its framers were fond and proud of Slavery. Hostility, not favour, caused the omission.

But Mr. Phillips thinks I ought to have said something to help the Abolitionists in 'the rural districts.' That there were no coloured schools in 'the rural districts' is a sufficient answer to that. Perhaps, however, if I had copied the language of Mr. Phillips in his last letter, and filled 'a few pages' with calling Dr. Wayland, of Brown University, a 'half Pagan,' and Judge McLean of the Supreme Court, a 'Western miscreant,' and so of the leading men of all the other denominations—perhaps I should have rallied Baptists and Methodists, and all the rest, to my support at once!

7. The statute of 1843, though intended to guaranty the same school privileges to coloured children as to white ones, did not say so in express words. In codifying the school laws, at the request of the Legislature, *I added a commentary, declaratory of the intention and true interpretation of the act.*

8. So anxiously scrupulous, so sensitively punctilious have I always been in regard to this unjustly-treated class of our fellow-beings, that I never went to inspect schools in any town or city, where a separation existed, without making it a point to visit the coloured school, so that no ground should ever be afforded for a suspicion of neglect by me.

Now, with such documents, reports, commentaries and printed arguments before him, with such facts happening around him, for twelve years, I leave it for an impartial public to judge whether, when Mr. Phillips declared I had never *given them* 'one word' of aid in their efforts in behalf of the coloured school children of the State—that I '*smothered my convictions*'—*practiced* '*systematic and designed silence*'—connived by 'silence, not to use a stronger term,' at public 'guilt'—was guilty of 'serious misconduct in public office,' &c., &c. I submit, whether Mr. Phillips, with these proofs all around him, some of them existing in public documents, and to be found in every school district in the State, was himself guiltless of the offence so abhorrent to gentlemen and Christians.

But he says they had a right to expect I 'would lead their van.' Did Mr. Phillips ever ask himself how many 'vans,' on his principles, I must 'lead' at the same time? Immediately after my appointment, a powerful body of sectarians demanded that I should 'lead *their* van,' in turning our schools into proselyting institutions. Our school system was connected with all interests and all individuals, and every unjust or indiscreet man, who had any speciality from the bigot to the pedant, wanted me to 'lead his van.' Under my solemn responsibility to the country, to posterity, and to God, I did the best I knew how. So far as Mr. Wendell Phillips is concerned, this is my record.

On this subject, Mr. Phillips seems to speak as though my official life had been a life of leisure; as though I could retire to my city or country residence, read the newspapers and the poets, allow six months for the gestation of single speeches, and then go to Faneuil Hall or the State House for their delivery. During the twelve years of my Secretaryship, I used sometimes to say, sportively, though intensely feeling the bitterness of the sport, 'that I was a white slave without any Abolitionist to pity me.' *My* abolition friend was of another type—one who could pursue me relentlessly, not only while I was in office, but for six years after I was out.

On this point, this must suffice. Mr. Phillips has blurted out these charges many times, during many years. He has had opportunity to say all he *has*, and all he *is*. Until last month I never replied, and now but twice. Can he, with any pretence of justice or decency, ever open this subject to the public again—unless it is to ask pardon of God and man for the injustice he has committed!

Mr. Phillips speaks graciously of a recent act of mine, but in the same breath arrogates the credit of it to himself—that is, to 'the criticism of Anti-Slavery press,' and I know of no criticism, at that time, but his. Wasn't he the author of the north star, also? The latter assumption would be less ridiculous than the former; for I must say to him, frankly and positively—what thousands feel—that his denunciatory, unsparing and undiscriminating course has made the performance of our duty towards the oppressed African race far more difficult and onerous than it would otherwise have been. To claim the paternity of that act of mine is quite as absurd as though he had claimed to be the father of Melchesidec.

But really in robbing me of the merit of spontaneity for that one deed—almost the only act of my life that seems to have found favour in his eyes—Mr. Phillips has disappointed and grieved me. I thought him a more generous soul. With all his 'Gazas' of wealth, how could he grudge me this poor obulus? By his own account, he belongs to a partnership richer in good works than any other in any age. Their treasures are moral Californias; each item in their long inventories is a Zion of beauty and grace. In his late speech he declares that all the recent converts to Anti-Slavery, not only in this country but in England too, are 'our spiritual children.' From themselves, he says, 'has proceeded every important argument or idea that has been broached on the Anti-Slavery question, from 1830 to the present time.' This covers not only all the Anti-Slavery history, 'arguments and ideas' of John Quincy Adams, Hale, Chase, Seward, and a host of others, but even the West India Emancipation Act. The Lords and Commons who advocated and carried that glorious measure, are only 'our spiritual children.' Surely, according to Mr. Phillips, the Apostles had done far less, at the same age, than he and his. It is true, they travelled rather more, going into the very South Carolinas and Alabamas, the Savannahs and the Vicksburgs of the pagan world; but it is only another proof of Mr. Phillips' superiority, if he can do a travelling apostle's work, and still remain at home. 'I claim for the movement,' says he, that 'it has been marked by the soundest judgment, the most unerring foresight, the most sagacious adaptation of means to end, the strictest self-discipline, the most thorough research, and an amount of patient and manly argument,' &c., &c., &c. And again, 'My claim, then, is this, that neither the charity of the most timid of sects, the sagacity of our [OUR!] wisest converts, nor the culture of the ripest scholars, though all have been aided by our [OUR!] twenty years' experience, has yet struck out any new method of reaching the public mind, or originated any new argument or train of thought, or discovered any new fact bearing on the question,' &c. See the speech for an almost interminable iteration in the same swelling strains. Would the twelve Apostles themselves have ventured to blow so loud a trumpet in their own praise? There is one more passage too characteristic to be omitted: 'It [WE?] gave them [the Free Soilers] a constituency; it gave them an opportunity to speak; and it gave them a public to listen'—'gave them their votes, gave them their offices, furnished them their facts, gave them their audience.' And, 'If the Anti-Slavery movement did not give them their ideas, it surely gave them the courage to utter them.' Hear this, Giddings, Chase, Sumner, Allen, Palfrey, and all the rest, and gratefully acknowledge the power that breathed the breath of life into your nostrils, the armourers who forged all your weapons, the teachers who taught you to wield them, and especially who gave you that double portion of 'courage' which sent you to do battle in the very enemy's country, five hundred miles away from their shield, and security, and repose.

Now, it was after all this exultation over a hundred Jerusalems of wealth, it was from this topmost pinnacle of pride and power, that Mr. Phillips swoops down upon my poor ant-heap, and plucks away my 'one poor grain,' as Dr. Watts has it, which made so large a portion of all my earthly goods! O, King David and Uriah!

Mr. Phillips quotes a passage from page 213 of my volume, and asks defiantly what I mean 'by human law keeping my abhorrence of Slavery in check.' What I mean, is very plain, and entirely defensible. I mean that, in the absence of a common government, and in a state of war with the South, I would counsel interference aggressively, and by force, to redeem their slaves; which, now, I do not feel called upon to do. Would not Mr. Phillips do the same? Yet he does not do it now. What holds *his abhorrence* in check?

His next quotation, accompanied by another defiant question, is answerable on the same principles, and for the same impregnable reasons.

'In defiance of Henry Clay in 1839,' says Mr. Phillips, 'and both the pro-slavery parties, we have always claimed the right to "agitate the question of Slavery in the States," even on the floor of Congress, in our political capacity, as well as in every other.' Why have you not done it there, Mr. Phillips? You have '*always claimed the right*,' '*even on the floor of Congress*,' and in '*your political capacity*' too; and yet, when has the longing, dying slave ever heard one audible sound from you within hundreds of miles of the floor of Congress? By what a different commandment are poor, impenitent Free Soilers to be judged? If any shadow of an idea can be thought of, which they have not expressed, the rule for *them* is, 'that they should have plainly said so.'

On the subject of agitation, Mr. Phillips charges me with 'heedlessness or insufficient information,' and says I 'deliberately enumerate the objects which Northern agitation has sought to compass, and twice assert that those I name are the *only* ones ever attempted.' An entire misstatement, as reference to my language in both instances will show! In one of the passages alluded to, the objects enumerated are expressly set down as specimens, and I then add, 'It has been only on *such* subjects that the North has lifted up the voice,' &c.; and this generalizing clause in the *same* sentence respecting which misstatement is made. As to the other passage, if I understand the one which is referred to, I was speaking of what the Free Soilers—a party organized in 1848—had done, and my alleged error consists in not including, as theirs, a series of acts of agitation extending backward from 1844 to 1814.

Mr. Phillips carps repeatedly, because, when speaking of our oath to support the Constitution, I said, 'with our interpretation of it.' He now assumes that I hold that 'our interpretation is the common one,' and declares himself misled. Why all this? He cannot affect to be so ignorant as not to know that there are various and even hostile interpretations of the Constitution, on the point of surrendering fugitive slaves. One school holds that it belongs to Congress, another, to the States; one that it requires trial by jury, and another that it does not. I never said *our interpretation was the common one*, and had no occasion to say so. All that is evidently irrelevant.

But this is endless. It is impossible to follow and expose Mr. Phillips' paralogisms and misstatements, unless Mr. Garrison will publish a daily, and let me fill it.

I proceed to the only passage in his last letter, which has point or plausibility; and in answering it, I shall answer many other things. To give Mr. Phillips the benefit of his strongest passage, I quote it entire:

'Last fall, Mr. Mann voted, I presume, for John P. Hale for President. It matters not to the responsibility of a voter, whether his candidate is elected or not. At the same time, Mr. Mann himself consented to receive the votes of his party for the office of Governor of Massachusetts. Now, if the Supreme Court is right, Mr. Hale, if elected President, would have been bound to appoint Marshals to execute the slave surrender clause, and to execute it himself, if it were resisted. If that Court is wrong, and the Free Soilers are right, in holding that the clause refers to the States, and needs no auxiliary legislation, then Mr. Mann, if Governor, would have been bound to see it obeyed. You will please observe, that I am not supposing either of these men would actually do such an infamous deed. I only assert, in Mr. Mann's language, that their respective *oaths would oblige them to do it*. In voting, then, for Mr. Hale, Mr. Mann asked his friend to take 'an oath which obliges him to return fugitive slaves.' On the other supposition, in consenting to stand as Governor, he offered himself to take such an oath, if his fellow-citizens should elect him. Now if a Free Soiler, who takes such an oath, should be 'blasted with the swiftest lightning,' how swift ought the lightning to be for one, who, by his vote, asks his friend to take it, or for one who offers to take himself? My moral optics are not, I confess, sharp enough to see much difference. Mr. Mann will please observe, that I have not been speaking of the *Fugitive Slave Act*, whose constitutionality he and I should deny, but of *the constitutional slave clause itself;* and my whole argument refers to that. It is evident that, allowing, as Mr. Mann does, that there is a fugitive slave clause in the Constitution, it must be executed by somebody, in some form or other. If by the Union, then, in voting for Hale, Mr. Mann asked his friend to be, in fact, Chief of 'United States Marshals and foul Fugitive Slave Law Commissioners.' But if that duty belongs to the States, then, in offering to become a State Governor, he offered himself to become, virtually, a Marshal or Commissioner for this purpose.'

To meet Mr. Phillips' argument fully, I shall proceed upon his imputation of meaning, viz., that the Constitution does require the delivery or return of fugitive slaves. He has made the argument as personal as possible. I desired to make it impersonal. He insists upon being personal, and so he must try it once more.

First, all officers under the Constitution of the United States take a *special*, and not a general oath—an oath to perform the duties of their particular offices, and not the duties of any *other* office. The oath lasts only while he who takes it continues in the office for which it was administered. This is clear; for if the same person is chosen or appointed for a second or third time, he must renew his oath, at each new election or appointment. So if an officer resigns, or is removed, or is impeached, and declared incapable, he can no longer be arraigned for a violation of *that* oath.

The oath is limited in regard to the acts it comprehends, as well as in regard to the time for which it runs. After being sworn into one office to-day, yet if I enter upon the duties of another office to-morrow, I must be sworn again, and so indefinitely—a new oath for a new office, and every man for himself. In the nature of things, it cannot be otherwise; for how can one man swear to perform another man's duties? Even after I have sworn to support the Constitution, it may be overthrown in a thousand ways without my fault. The people may successfully rebel, either by going beyond voting to violence; or, what would be just as fatal, by not voting at all; and then *this* government is at an end. Hence the oath only binds me to do according to the best of my own knowledge and ability. Did it require more knowledge or more ability than I can command, I must perforce break it.

The Constitution may even require many things to be done, which a particular officer, a Congress, or a President, is not guilty for omitting. They may have more to do than they can complete; and, therefore, must leave some of it to their successors. It is said, that, under such a construction, a man may evade his duty without guilt? Certainly not. The moment he consciously evades his duty, or postpones to the second place what belongs to the first, guilt is incurred.

Hence, all Mr. Phillips' notions, and his repetitions of them, that 'one can hardly take the humblest office in it (the government), without becoming partaker in the responsibility of every other,' are fanciful and baseless. Has the Judge in Massachusetts any 'responsibility' for the acts of a brother judge in Arkansas; or is a postmaster here a 'partaker' in the guilt or innocence of the twenty thousand postmasters elsewhere? How absurd, then, would it be to make the army responsible for the navy, or the executive for the legislative departments! I think such an idea was never broached before.

But, inquires Mr. Phillips, if one who takes the oath to support the Constitution should be blasted 'with the swiftest lightning,' how swift ought the lightning to be for me, if I voted for John P. Hale for President, last fall, or consented that any friend of mine should vote for me for Governor?

First, do not men vote for others, or consent to be voted for themselves, at every election, merely as a rallying point for the expression of principles, when they would not do either, if there was any expectation of their being chosen? Is that a sufficient offence for which to call down lightnings? Is it any offence at all, and not a merit rather?

Again, suppose one should be elected, either as President of the United States, or as Governor of Massachusetts, what chance is there that he will be called upon to do any *constitutional* act for the return of fugitive slaves? For sixty-four years past, neither the President of the United States nor any Governor of Massachusetts has ever been called upon to perform such a duty; and there is a much better chance for the next sixty-four years than for the last. I think no Governor of this State will ever issue his warrant for the return of a fugitive slave, who has not had a trial by jury; and probably Slavery itself will be 'blasted' by the Lord, before such jury trial will be granted by Congress. The danger, therefore, is at the very vanishing point.

But still further, suppose an indefinite number of highly improbable, or impossible conditions; suppose a Fugitive Slave Law to be passed, granting the jury trial; suppose a case legitimately within its purview to arise, and even suppose a jury to find the dreadful verdict of 'slave,' could not the Governor buy him and emancipate him, and thus escape any conflict with the 'Higher Law?' Or, in the last resort, could he not do as Mr. Phillips himself has done—tear up his commission, and retire to his *otium cum dignitate*, at home? Has Mr. Phillips any right to complain, if others follow him through his own hole?

Let us see how much better he succeeds with his next *argumentum ad hominem;* and that he may present his own case, I quote him again:

'If, for the last two years, Mr. Mann has voted for the usual bills appropriating money for the expenses of government, he has voted to pay Marshal Devens for carrying Thomas Sims from Boston back to Georgia, and pay the salaries of Peleg Sprague and B. R. Curtis, who tried Elizur Wright and other alleged rescuers of Shadrach. If he has ever voted for an appropriation bill, during his whole Congressional life, he has voted to pay the salary of one Judge McLean, a Western miscreant, who is rarely heard of except as sending back some hapless fugitive, or fining, into absolute poverty, some Christian who has helped the wanderer. Whether it is more honourable to return slaves one's self, or to pay other men for doing it, Mr. Mann can decide at his leisure. The old saw, *Qui facit per alium, facit per se*, I hold to be good logic and good Latin, &c.'

I will not deny that I have voted for an appropriation bill within two years; but certainly I never voted for one, believing that any Marshal or Judge had any more legal right to seize and carry away Thomas Sims, or do any other act under our Fugitive Slave Laws, than they had to adopt, as good law, the celebrated telegraphic message sent to Mr. Webster, and to hang Mr. Phillips for high treason. Nor do I consider myself any more accountable for their unconstitutional proceedings in the Sims case, than I should had they sentenced Mr. Phillips to be drawn and quartered. If responsibility is to be extended and diffused in such a way, no man can live in society for a day without incurring damning guilt. I do my duty in my office on my responsibility; others must do theirs, on their responsibility.

But, suppose the Appropriation Bill passed, and by my vote. That Bill would certainly not be worth the parchment it was engrossed on, if there had been no money in the treasury to draw for. With an empty treasury, its passage would have been but an attempt to fire an unloaded gun. Now, did not Mr. Phillips pay some of *his money* into that treasury? Did he not pay it voluntarily and without protest? Have not Judges Curtis and Sprague, and that 'Western miscreant,' Judge McLean, got some of Mr. Phillips' money in their pockets to-day? Ay, and Marshal Devens, too? And did not Mr. Phillips even pay a part of that infamous debt of $3,500, incurred by the city of Boston, for imprisoning Sims, and paying soldiers to rob him of his liberty? The very chains that festooned the Court House—didn't his money go to put them there, and didn't they 'syllable' his name as they clanked? On that accursed morning, when an armed band drove down the innocent, helpless victim, to almost the very spot where our ancestors revoked and annulled the tea-duty, but where their degenerate descendants paid duty in bones and blood—there, in sight of Bunker Hill, by Faneuil Hall, as it were in the very presence of noble revolutionary effigies, 'which all the while ran blood'—there, I say, was not Mr. Phillips present in more senses than one? His money, voluntarily paid, was perpetrating the deed! Nay, he embarked with Sims on board the foul Acorn.

'Built i' th' eclipse, and rigged with curses dark;'

he spread its sails—he steered its course—he landed at Savannah—he saw his victim bolted in the noisome jail! Mr. Phillips' money did all this. '*Whether*,' says he, in the above quotation, '*it is more honourable to return slaves one's self, or* TO PAY OTHER MEN FOR DOING IT, Mr. Mann can decide at his leisure.' Well, Mr. Mann has leisure now, and he decides that it was not only dishonourable, but criminal, for any man whose money went to pay for carrying Sims to Georgia, to turn about and 'deal damnation round the land,' on all honest and earnest men, because they do not moralize with his conscience. But, still condemning me for *voting* the money which he *paid*, Mr. Phillips adds, 'The old saw, *Qui facit per alium, facit per se*, I hold to be good logic and good Latin.' Very well. If so, then Mr. Phillips stands condemned, not merely in the Christian but in the pagan language. He pays the money to the high priests, which he knows is going into Judas' bag, as the reward for betraying his Master. '*Therefore, thou art inexcusable, O' Mr. Wendell Phillips, 'for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest, doest the same things.*'

Mr. Phillips applies for and accepts the advantages, while he shirks all the labours of the Society to which he belongs. His standing definition of the United States Constitution is, that it is 'a covenant with Death, and an agreement with Hell;' yet, most unconcernedly, every day, he will pay money to this same damnable government, whenever it will subserve his own convenience. He goes to the post-office, bows politely, and says, 'Mr. Covenantor with Death and Contractor with Hell, please give me the letters in my box.' He looks at the post-marks, and the more hands of covenantors with Death and contractors with Hell the letters have passed through, the more he voluntarily pays. Nay, he goes deliberately, and of his own mere motion, volunteers overtures and subornings to any or all the twenty thousand sworn covenantors with Death and Hell between here and California, asks them to take his letters, and pays down to them beforehand the price of blood; and this he does, 'I presume,' every day in the year. Were Mr. Phillips to lose a thousand dollar check, through the neglect or embezzlement of a post-master, clerk, or mail-carrier, I see nothing in his conduct, however much there may be in his professions, that leads me to doubt that he would prosecute the delinquent; ay, and employ Marshal Devens to arrest him, and go before Judge Curtis or Judge Sprague to try him, and thus get back his pennyworth of that salary, which he originally helped pay. Mr. Phillips says, 'one can hardly take the humblest office in it [the government], without becoming partaker in the responsibility of every other.' Does not Mr. Phillips pay duties on imported books? Does he abjure all patent rights or patent discoveries, or the products of them? Does he buy no copyrighted books, speeches or articles? And if he does all these things—tempting men to be postmasters, &c., and paying them, not merely for making but for executing 'covenants with Death and agreements with Hell,' then, according to his own rule, is not he a receiver of stolen goods hypocritically saying homilies to the thief? Does he not use all the passwords and countersigns of Pandemonium, as familiarly as I, who only vote money for appropriations which he pays? Nay, is not his little finger thicker than my loins; I am acting in this matter as well as I know how. I have come to the conclusion, that, if I wait for a perfect government, in this imperfect world, I shall never have any; but anarchy and chaos and all forms of violence instead: and therefore, while on the one hand, I will never knowingly give my hand or voice for the perpetration of wrong: yet, on the other, I will not abjure all opportunity and power of righting the wrong, and fly cowardly from a hand-to-hand contest with the great champions of oppression to enjoy, in my retreat every benefit of government which I can use, while I refuse to encounter one of its perils. But Mr. Phillips espouses a different theory; he professes to abjure the government; he will not be a soldier in its army, nor a sailor in its navy, nor a justice of the peace in its magistracy; and yet he will live under its protection, use its post-offices, its patent laws, and its copyright laws; take the benefit of all its treaties of commerce and navigation; sail by its light houses, thread the crookedest channel by its buoys, and travel in foreign countries under its passports. But, notwithstanding all this, he holds up a rule for me, so strict that mortal man never followed it. Hence, while my course of life agrees with its theory, Mr. Phillipe is acting against light, knowledge, conviction, and declarations which he has a thousand times thundered forth through all the presses and from all the rostrums in the land where he could get a hearing. The Constitution itself is 'a covenant with Death, and an agreement with Hell,' a veritable league with the Devil, signed, sealed, acknowledged and recorded. Mr. Phillips is too wary to be a party to the original articles; but he has a way of avoiding all peril and securing all advantages, by making sub-contracts with one of the principals.

Mr. Phillips' whole theory about the nature of the official oath, the purpose for which it is taken, and the rule by which it is to be construed, seem to me untenable, and, in some points, ridiculous. If I understand him, he holds that the decisions of the Supreme Court on the Constitution become a part of the Constitution, so that whoever swears to support the former, swears to support the latter also. If so, then that Court can abolish the free agency of Congress and President, just as Judges Curtis, Sprague and Hall have abolished the prerogatives of jurors. If a judge can make a traverse jury swear to convict, under certain conditions which he himself prescribes, then it is very clear that he can make the grand jury swear to indict, under certain other conditions; and if this be so, then he can get any man indicted by the one, and convicted by the other, for any offence, while so many as twenty-four scoundrels can be found in any county or district, base enough to do his bidding; and no innocence has the possibility of escape. Now Mr. Phillips claims this extreme prerogative for the Supreme Court over both co-ordinate departments, legislative and executive. Gen. Jackson said, 'It is as much the duty of the House of Representatives, of the Senate, and of the President, to decide upon the constitutionality of any bill or resolution which may be presented to them for passage or approval, as it is of the Supreme Judges when it may be brought before them for judicial decision. The authority of the Supreme Court must not, therefore, be permitted to control the Congress or the Executive when acting in their legislative capacities,' &c. This language, Mr. Charles Sumner says, 'I adopt with entire assent.'

At the very last Congress, the two Houses overruled a decision of the Supreme Court, and the President signed the bill. What sweeping and reckless assertions are made by Mr. Phillips, to uphold his erroneous positions!

Again, as to the notion, that the official oath is a promise to support the Constitution as the 'nation' understands it; who is the nation? Mr. Phillips thinks women ought to vote. Are they a part of the nation, and to be consulted, before we decide upon our duty? Are mere majorities to govern, so that we shall give no more heed to the wisest and best men than to the weakest and worst? Shall we adopt the plurality system? Are we to be controlled by the living or the dead? Must we count by States or by individuals? Must we adopt the three-fifths rule, and allow masters to act for slaves, or not? It is utterly impossible to gather up the 'sense' of the nation; and every sane man must see it. But, says Mr. Phillips, *Go by the Supreme Court.* There are a hundred vital questions on which the Supreme Court has made no decision. On this great and overshadowing one, whether an alleged fugitive has a constitutional right to a jury trial, that court has never yet decided. On his own showing, then, I am not bound to deliver up an alleged fugitive nor to do any act looking towards his being delivered up, until he has had a jury trial, or the court has decided that he is not entitled to one. Mr. Phillips is mistaken all round.

What, then, are the scope and purport of (for instance) the Congressional oath? They are, to perform the duties of that office, not of any other; during its continuance, not any longer; to ascertain the true meaning of the Constitution, in all practicable ways, and from all sources—including the decisions of the Supreme Court, which, however, are not *the* law, but only evidence of the law—and when that meaning is ascertained, to abide by it in all cases presented for action; to take up the business of the country in the order of its importance; and to execute it according to the best of one's knowledge and ability; and when the oath taker has determined what should be done, and when it should be done, then to follow the conclusions of his own judgment and conscience, whether a single other man in the nation agrees with him or not. Any other construction makes an automaton or puppet of him. Mr. Phillips' snatching at a common-place rule for governing hucksters in the market, and using its narrow basis as co-extensive with the great principles that should govern a legislator's oath to God, and his duty to his own nation, to all the nations of the earth, and to posterity—(a promise to posterity to do our duty to it, *as posterity understands it?*)—I say, Mr. Phillips' narrowness on this subject reminds me of what Burke said to Erskine, in the trial of Warren Hastings, that a mere *nisi prius* lawyer, with his technicalities and barrules, was no more fit to decide upon the principles that should govern great questions of State, than a rabbit that breeds nine times a year was to decide upon the period necessary for the gestation of an elephant.

Though I have scarcely noticed one-tenth part of the material—illogical in argument, incorrect in statement, and calumnious in imputation—which Mr. Phillips has furnished yet I must desist. The very multitude of his offences must earn impunity for some of them. I will classify a few of his vices as a disputant, as exhibited in this letter, and let the rest pass—at least till another time.

1. He mis-states matters of fact enormously. This I have shown in regard to my course towards the coloured school children of Massachusetts.

2. Bad motives being less capable of disproof than facts, he takes a broader license in imputing them. He attempts to fasten upon Mr. Hale and myself, and thousands of others, indeed, a guilt akin to that of perjury.

3. He enlarges the premises of his adversary, so that they may sustain some false conclusion they would not otherwise bear. Thus he reiterates the old charge that disclaimers made in my legislative capacity, and under the Constitution, were general disclaimers; and he enlarges these to take in a wider scope of action than they legitimately do.

4. He leaves out premises, in order to escape the force of conclusions, and to impute the folly of building too large a superstructure upon a given foundation.

For instance, assuming, for argument's sake, the wholly untenable ground that my oath was a promise to follow the will of the nation, in regard to the Constitution, I said the nation, Supreme Court and all, understood in what sense I promised. To give personification to the idea, I introduced the two Speakers, Howell Cobb and Linn Boyd, who administered the oath. Mr. Phillips introduces these two names, separates them from the rest of the sentence, and, *for more than a whole column*, argues the question as though the soundness of my position and argument rested upon the special knowledge and understanding of Messrs. Cobb and Boyd. Taking a mere *accident* for the basis of the *argument*, who could not fasten any degree of folly upon his antagonist? Once he craftily introduced the residue or substantive part of the sentence, but immediately ellipses it with irrelevant matter about 'poor Moses Stuart' and Mr. Webster, and then occupies more than a column to disprove what no sane man ever understood me to say.

5. He fabricates both premises and conclusions. For example: In my last letter, I made a remark, on which Mr. Phillips, in his last, made a comment. I collate both for the reader's perusal:

Mr. Mann's Remark.

'I had supposed that as an oath makes God a party to the transaction, it is binding in that sense in which he knows the party took it.'

Mr. Phillips' Comment.

'This is virtually the Jesuits' rule, that promises are binding not as the parties understood them, but as the promisor secretly intended. That is, a man may swear one thing, and mean another, and God justifies him!'

Now, in my remark, where is there any vestige or glimmer of an idea about promises *not* being binding 'as the parties understood them'; or about '*secret* intentions' governing; or about a man's 'swearing one thing and meaning another'; or about God's justifying' men for lying or perjury? Where, I demand, is there any wink or odour of such base ideas? And yet do not these ideas compose the whole substance of Mr. Phillips' comment? A Jesuit plainly enough, but which is he?

But again, this must suffice. As there were too many individual falsities to be enumerated, so there are too many classes to be classified. Indeed, I have looked with amazement through this whole letter of Mr. Phillips. There seems to be some fatality of aberration in his mind—some refracting medium—so that nothing ever comes out of it as it went in. When rays of truth fall upon his sensorium, they are deflected from a right line. As an optician would say, the angle of reflection is never equal to the angle of incidence.

I close with a point, which, *in connection with his other doctrines*, will be regarded by many as suggesting mental and moral irresponsibility.

Speaking of the liability of 'Free Soil *voters* to be called upon by the United States Marshal to help him capture fugitive slaves,' Mr. Phillips says (and the words are so important, I italicise them), '*The voter being in some States under an express, and* IN ALL *under an implied, oath to the Constitution, is legally bound to obey.*' That is, every voter is bound by an oath, or as by an oath, to help catch fugitive slaves, if called upon by a marshal. Yet, the same *Liberator* which contained Mr. Phillips' first reply to me, and which sets forth all his obnoxious doctrines about the comprehensiveness and criminality of official oaths, contains a public Address to the People of Massachusetts, written, as 'I presume,' from its style, by Mr. Phillips himself,* exhorting them, with all earnestness, to rally for such a change in our State Constitution as shall make all adult women voters; calling it 'a measure of vital importance to the welfare and progress of the State,' one of 'the most important of all civil reforms,' &c. &c., and accompanied by a petition which every body is requested to sign. Mr. Wendell

THE UNHEALTHY ORGANIZATION.—A pungent debate ensued in the United States Senate on Saturday last, on a motion of Mr. Chase, to publish the Senatorial debates in *The Era*. It is clear the Senate has not yet come to a better estimate of the character of the Free Soil party. We give the whole debate:

Mr. Seward's resolution was taken up—that the Secretary be authorized to procure the publication in the *National Intelligencer* of so much of the debates of the Senate during the last session of Congress as has not been already published in that paper, and pay for such publication, and also for the publication of speeches already printed, at the rate of four dollars per column.

Mr. Chase, of Ohio, moved that the resolution be tabled, which was negatived by 16 to 16.

Mr. Chase then gave his reasons for opposing the resolution, one of which was the enormous expense of the system. He was free to say he was willing to discontinue the paid system of reporting altogether, leaving the whole business to private enterprise. The speeches now proposed to be published in the *National Intelligencer* have already been published in the *Globe*, and he could therefore only look upon the resolution as giving a gratuity to the editors.

Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, supported the resolution, and spoke in high terms of the character of the *Intelligencer*.

Mr. Weller, of California, believed the mass of the Whig party want Democratic light, and therefore he was for the proposition.

After further debate, Mr. Chase moved to provide also for publishing the debates in the *National Era*.

This received two votes; Messrs. Chase and Sumner.

Mr. Chase appealed to the Senate's magnanimity—as they had shown a disposition to respect the opinions of the minority—to order the publication of the debates in the *National Era*, it having a larger circulation than all the other papers here: besides, the *Era* represents the Independent Democratic party.

Mr. Weller replied: To publish the debates in that paper would be like throwing pearls before swine, and its efforts, if successful, would lead to the dissolution of the Union. He did not understand the Senator to be the representative of the great Democracy of Ohio. He regarded the gentleman as belonging to a clique for the purpose of destroying the peace and tranquility of the Union.

Mr. Chase remarked, that he went to Ohio from the little State of New Hampshire, and felt proud of Ohio. The Senator from California was born in Ohio, and manifested his regard for it by moving away. As to the *Era*, it is read by a large portion of the intelligence of the country—persons who do not follow leaders, but make up their opinions independently. His friend had a reason for leaving Ohio—he ran for Governor, was unfortunately beaten, and removed to the Pacific. Mr. Chase justified his political principles, and said he did not support the Baltimore platform because it was against the settled judgment of his State. He likewise defended his own independent democracy.

Mr. Weller rejoined, saying Mr. Chase was elected to the Senate by the Democracy of Ohio entering into a dishonourable bargain with the Abolition member of the Ohio legislature. As for himself, he was defeated as Governor by only two hundred and ninety-seven votes out of three hundred thousand, owing to a combination of Whigs and Abolitionists against him. In two years from this time the place that now knows the Senator will know him no more forever [Laughter]. The Senator will then have an opportunity to extend Christianity over the negroes in this country, and the inhabitants of the distant isles. He would be willing to receive the Senator into the Democratic party, for

While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

Mr. Chase said for all his share in any public action in Ohio, he stood ready to meet the fullest and most searching scrutiny. Gentlemen are indulging a vain dream if they think the free democratic principles are not going forward and continually increasing. The principles are not dead or dying. He denied that the old line democrats and the free democrats had made any sacrifice of principle in electing him to the Senate. He believed that he represented a vast majority of the people of Ohio at this moment. Mr. Chase called for a division of the question on the resolution.

No quorum being present, the resolution was defeated, and the Senate adjourned.

MRS. STOWE'S RECEPTION IN ENGLAND.—The *Independent* states that Mrs. Stowe and her friends, "The Uncle Tom's Cabin Deputation," who sailed the week before last for England, are to be met at Liverpool by a committee of gentlemen, headed by the Earls of Carlisle and Shaftesbury, bearing the address of five hundred thousand British women; also by a deputation from Birmingham with the avails of the Testimonial Fund raised by contribution from the readers of Uncle Tom's Cabin; also by a committee from Glasgow, to escort the party to that city, whence the invitation to England originated. From Glasgow they go to Edinburgh, and thence to London. The *Independent* adds, and we presume it well informed, that they will be received there at Stafford House. Such a welcome has never before been accorded to any woman, in any country, except she wore a crown.

'UNCLE TOM' IN THE COURTS OF LAW.—MRS Stowe's book has at length got into the Courts, though she appears as plaintiff, and not as Dr. Parker threatened to compel her to do, as a defendant. A suit is brought, for violation of copyright, against Mr. F. W. Thomas, of Philadelphia, who has had 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' translated into German, and has issued an edition in that language. Messrs. Jewett & Co., of Boston, had already published a German edition of the book, and the complaint against Mr. Thomas alleges that his edition is an interference with that, and an invasion of the copyright. The important question is involved in the suit, as to how far an author's right in his work extends, and whether it is limited to the language in which it is written. Either to fairly test this question, or because she considers her rights essentially violated by Mr. Thomas, Mrs. Stowe has declined all compromise of the case, and will let the law take its course.

ANOTHER MEETING AT STAFFORD HOUSE.—Late London papers state that a meeting of the originators of the "Women of England's Address on Slavery to the Women of America" was held at Stafford House on the 19th ulto. The Duchess of Sutherland presided, and about forty ladies were present. A report was read stating that the number of signatures to the Address is 562,848, including a few from Paris, Jerusalem, and some other places. The address is to be entrusted to Mrs. Stowe, who has undertaken to give it the greatest publicity possible in the United States. It is illuminated on vellum, and the signatures are bound in 26 folio volumes, all which are open for public inspection at the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi, London.

THE DAILY TRIBUNE signalizes the commencement of the thirteenth year of its existence by an enlargement of its size, and some changes in its typographical appearance. It states that it pays more for the white paper on which it is printed than all it receives from subscribers. The *Tribune* is, we believe, the largest paper in the world for its price, and there are few papers in the world, of any size that exceed it in circulation. We do not hesitate to say that, in our opinion, it is the best newspaper in the world, and—with the single exception that the quality of its paper (necessarily at the price asked for it) is inferior to the English papers—it is the most attractive in its mere outward appearance. In the varied ability with which it is edited, and the energy with which it is managed, it is altogether unsurpassed.

MR. THOMAS DAVIS, known in years past to many of the readers of this paper as an earnest Abolitionist, was elected last week by the Democrats of the Eastern District of Rhode Island, as a member of Congress. We trust that his old associates will have no reason to complain that in his position he is not as faithful as the position will permit him to be. He may not make any long speeches, but we shall be greatly disappointed if he is not always found on the right side in action; and, as he has so long been known as an Anti-Slavery man at home, we presume his constituents will be disappointed if they expect he will be anything else at Washington.

☞ THE *National Era* has issued the prospectus of a monthly paper, to be issued in quarto form, under the title of FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE. It is designed 'for preservation as a document for reference, and for general circulation as a Free Democratic Missionary, especially among those not yet familiar with the Anti-Slavery movement,' and will be made chiefly from articles in the *Era*. It is to be furnished at the cheap rate of

6 copies for	$1.00
20 copies for	3.00
100 copies for	12.00

COMFORT FOR MRS. TYLER.—A word of sympathy has at length come from Great Britain for Mrs. Tyler. Others, it may be, have been spoken, but we have heard from no other quarter, beyond the boundaries of the United States, of a single expression of respect for her vituperative reply to the English Address. The hand of fellowship is stretched out to her now by the Rev. Dr. Cahill, who thus alluded to her at the Celebration of St. Patrick's Day in Dublin. How far the Rev. Doctor is entitled to speak for the Irish people, probably our Dublin correspondent will tell us:

"I long to stand in the presence of the patriot, the accomplished Mrs. Tyler, and the incomparable ladies of America, that I may offer to them the deep homage of my grateful heart—that I may present to them the respect and enthusiasm of the people of Ireland, for the withering chastisement they have inflicted on the sainted cruelty of the Duchess of Sutherland, and for the graceful dignity with which they have exposed the well-meaning hypocrisy of her noble committee."

☞ MR. DICKINSON declines the nomination for Collector of this port, and Judge Green C. Bronson is appointed in his place. The current opinion seems to be that the ex-Senator was placed in a very 'tight place,' by this attempt to get him into the New York Custom House, as its acceptance would, probably, have been the death of him politically, and to decline it is sure to make him a multitude of enemies among the hungry crowd who hoped office from him, but are almost sure not to get it from Judge Bronson, who is a shell of the softish kind. Mr. Dickinson's regret, that he had not been born in Virginia, doubtless grows more and more fervent as he grows older.

THIS WEEK'S PAPER.—We commence in this number, and shall finish in the next, an admirable article from the January number of Blackwood's Magazine, which we commend to the attention of our readers. Its historical and statistical facts render it of great value not only for present reading, but to be laid aside for future reference. We republish it in the *Standard*, by permission of Messrs. Scott & Co., the American publishers of Blackwood's Magazine.

☞ THE *National Intelligencer* of Monday publishes a card from Charles Lanman, Benjamin P. Poor, and George J. Abbot, announcing the receipt of eight hundred dollars collected for the purpose of purchasing 'Daphne' and her child, the wife and daughter of the servant of Daniel Webster. This man 'William' was purchased by Mr. Webster and emancipated by him. The money collected has been paid over to the owner of the wife and child, and they also are now free.

[For the Standard.]

THE EXTRADITION OF FUGITIVE SLAVES.

HORACE MANN, in his reply to Wendell Phillips, to meet the charge of inconsistency, in taking an oath to support the Constitution, which he believes requires the rendition of fugitive slaves, makes this point: That he does not take the oath *generally*, but particularly with reference to his *specific duties*, as a member of the House of Representatives.

I do not think this plea quite available, for, although the intention to discharge *constitutionally* the duties of the *particular office* undertaken may exhaust the whole *legal* obligation of the oath, yet the *moral* obligation binding on conscience and honour is considerably wider than this. In swearing to support the Constitution, Mr. Mann swears allegiance to the fundamental law. He cannot designate portions of that law, which he will honour and obey, while he intends to disobey, contemn and violate other portions. He cannot receive the emoluments and exercise the functions belonging to one branch of the government, while he resists and obstructs another officer of the government in performing functions belonging to his co-ordinate department. Why is the fugitive-slave-law Commissioner "*foul*," since he does an act which he believes the constitutional duty of somebody to do?

But this and much more has, ere this, been rejoined by Mr. Mann's accomplished antagonist. I do not write to meddle with an argument in such Herculean hands. I only avail myself of this portion of it, as a text to discuss our constitutional obligations to deliver up fugitive slaves. If you will allow me the space of a letter or two, I will set forth my own views of this subject, without knowing that they agree with those of a single other person interested in the cause of Anti-Slavery. I may be able to bring to the discussion nothing new, and nothing unanswerable. I am too little familiar with the whole argumentation upon the question to designate what of my own opinions are the results of personal thought, and what I have derived from my reading.

Let me say then, in the outset, that I have no horror for the dissolution of the Union. This fool's pack fell from my shoulders years ago, when I first came up to the cross of Abolitionism. I think the dissolution of the Union an event not only possible, but highly probable. States so antagonistic in their forms of government, social institutions and commercial interests, can never coalesce into a unitary nation. The most insignificant matters of national legislation, brought forward in Congress, disclose the natural incongruity between slaveholding and free communities. More than this, I do not deny that such dissolution is in itself desirable. The free States rid of that bond which links them with barbarism and despotism might go on in a far more accelerated career of progress in wealth, power and civilization, while the slave States, hugging their fatal phantasm, would sink into the depths of ignorance, cruelty and heathenism, which are the proper elements of Slavery. I think, too, those politicians and statesmen have done no truly patriotic office who have fostered the intense Unionism which is the fashionable cant of the politics of the day. The American people could have no better training to prepare them for the overthrow of their liberties. This sacrificing of every other interest of society and humanity to the mere conservatism of order and the preservation of the *form* of the government, has already gone far to corrupt the heart of the nation and rob it of its noblest qualities. When a nation deliberately chooses that it will sacrifice the liberties of its own people, to continue the prosperity of its business and the permanence of its form of government, it has outlived its golden age. Only those people who are willing to risk revolution, and anarchy itself, to win liberty and establish justice have yet their best history in the future.

But I do not believe it is for Abolitionists to seek directly for the dissolution of the Union. It is not relevant to their movement. Their purpose is to put an end to slaveholding. They do not wish so much to turn their backs in horror from this crime as to prevent it. They do not wish to build brazen walls against the South, through which the cries of the victims of the chain and lash shall not penetrate. They do not wish so much to save their own reputations and move off with their possessions and projects from the circle of this pest, as they do to heal it. They would not have believed it expedient or moral to form such a union, but, finding it formed, they will not willingly release either the slaveholder or the slave from the influence of their beneficence. "*No Union with Slaveholders*" is bad politics but it is infinitely worse religion.

But if the dissolution of the Union was to be sought, it need not be directly. Any one of the moderate measures which the North supposed might be applied to the restriction of Slavery would have effected the dissolution of the Union, by the insane act of the South. The rejection of Texas would have done it; so would the application of the Wilmot Proviso to the territories; so would a constitutional State and popular resistance to the Fugitive Slave Law; so will a refusal to receive Cuba, after the fillibusters shall have conquered it or a pro slavery administration shall have bought it. Since, then, the end lies in the way of ordinary legislation, I do not see why it should be proposed to do unnecessary violence to the honest loyalty of the people. As a piece of brave defiance, as a justly scornful retort to the spiteful and reiterated threat of Southern slaveholders, this project of disunion is well enough. As an actual policy, it is unstatesmanlike, and impracticable. We admire the daring of such a project just as we do Parker Pillsbury's headlong zeal in "*pitching into*" Washington, though we may not be able to see the necessity of carrying the sufficiently obstructed cause of Anti-Slavery sheer over the somewhat established reverence of the world for that eminent personage.

I confess I could never see either the utility or necessity of forcing the Anti-Slavery movement into hostility to the national constitution and to the loyalty of the people. It seemed more the expedient of a hasty, though just, anger than of a wise philosophy. The enraged child tears out of his father's house and slams the door, but he is a child still and carries in his filial feelings the fact of his parentage. When he finds that the house does not fall down under the shock of his indignation, he regrets his abruptness, and seeks out calmer methods. Injustice often drives the good man mad; but when it makes him misanthropic, the excess of his scorn half justifies the injury.

We need not have given Slavery the vantage ground of the Constitution. We need not have betaken ourselves to *outlawry*, and sneaked through the land like *rebels, interlopers* and *culprits*. We might have insisted that we were the true conservators of whatever is vital in our democracy, that our system of politics had a legitimate basis in the Constitution, and that the line of noblest precedents in our history ran directly through our projects. We need not have gone to the wall before the effrontery of slaveholding assumption, that Constitution and Union are only synonyms of slave-breeding and slave-holding. The past and its glory belonged to *Freedom* and not to *Slavery*. We need not have surrendered without a remonstrance the palladium of liberty, to be, in the hands of Southern fleshmongers, the mock of the world. We need not have so far disowned all filial reverence as to utter no word to vindicate the traduced reputation of our ancestors. We might be allowed to believe, until the contrary was made to appear, that they did not soil their hands by putting them to a compact for the wholesale perpetual plunder and robbery of one-sixth of the nation. Slavery has less sanction in the Constitution than in the New Testament. We need no more surrender to it the prestige of Democracy than of Christianity. Not at least for ages to come, till the moral sentiment of the people can be elevated far above its present grade; not until the intensest national loyalty on earth can be overcome, can American Slavery be destroyed, with all the associations of history, all the attachments of patriotism, all the sanction of law, foolhardily abandoned to its possession. T.

[To be continued.]

Domestic Correspondence.

FROM OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENT.

NO. CXXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—*The Correspondent complaineth himself—He discourseth of Lying—The Philosophy thereof—The Maine Liquor Law—Its two Champions—The Gospel and the Law—Divinity of Grog—Drinking and Hanging—The Correspondent refuseth to commit himself—The Devil's Own—The Lawyer in Search of a Patron Saint—How the Pope did it—Blindman's Buff with the Saints—Unhappy Result—The Correspondent defineth his faith—The Whigs and the Catholics—And the Orthodox—The Black Gentleman and the Scarlet Lady—Bishop Fitzpatrick and Mr. Garrison at sea together—Mr. Mann and Mr. Phillips—The Correspondent criticizeth the Match—The Nobby One and the Chicken—The Garrisonian Curtii—What they want to know—And are ready to do—The Correspondent discriminateth, illustrateth, is unpatriotic and concludeth, &c. &c. &c.*

BOSTON, April 11, 1853.

IT is very provoking that nothing *will* happen, when one is expected to tell of something. I might invent, to be sure; but as it is a part of American morality, as well as of Captain Absolute's, "to tell no more lies than are absolutely necessary," I may as well save my creative powers for a more pressing emergency. To be sure, this part of morality, like many others, meets with a compound fracture occasionally, in this best of countries, as well as others, politically and ecclesiastically, as well as socially; but, still, I wil not venture on that line of "poetical prose," as Young Wilding calls it in the Lyar, until greater occasion. The Maine Liquor Law has been a topic of some discussion of late, but I don't find that anybody cares very much about it. The chief champions the Liquor Sellers have found are two orthodox clergymen, the Reverend Matthew Hale Smith (though, to be sure, he has exchanged the company of the ministers for that of the lawyers—deserted the host whose business it is to fight with the Devil and gone and enlisted in the Devil's Own) and the Reverend J. C. Lovejoy, an eminent Free Soil orator. This last divine also enjoys the distinction of being the stoutest defender of that ancient bulwark of Civilization and Christendom, the Gallows, against the armies of the infidel that have assaulted it. As the disuse of drinking would necessarily lead to a diminution of the subjects for the beneficent influences of hanging, it is both natural and laudable that they should both be gathered under the same protecting wing. As I understand yours to be a Journal strictly uncommitted on all subjects of polemic character, I shall not presume to express any opinion either in favour of or against these two ancient and, as Mr. Lovejoy maintains, Divinely established Institutions. I can only say, as a matter of fact, that there seems to be no immediate danger of the American race becoming temperate overmuch, and that Mr. Lovejoy may dismiss any apprehensions he may entertain to that effect. The race of people deserving of being hanged is quite as likely to become extinct.

I suppose you remember the origin of the allusion to the Devil's Own in the last paragraph. The alarm in England lately of an invasion by Napoleon the Little, and the mustering of militia and volunteering consequent thereupon, brings back to mind the state of things from which that saying grew. When the English were expecting the flat-bottomed boats from Boulogne and all England and Scotland were in arms, some fifty years since, when Walter Scott "drew the voluntary blade," as adjutant of cavalry, at Edinburgh, and old Caxon alarmed the country by his conflagration of Doustersswivel's mining implements, the members of the Jury and Court reduced themselves into a Regiment, under Erksine as its Colonel. Its uniform was black, and the London populace, ever ripe for a joke, christened it (in imitation of the designations of regular regiments as "the King's Own," "the Queen's Own," &c.) "the Devil's Own!" You know there is a legend of Holy Church which hath a squint in the same direction. It saith that, once upon a time, a certain lawyer, eminent for piety as well as for learning, being scandalized that his profession lacked a Patron Saint, while thieves, horse-jockies and courtesans had theirs, made a pilgrimage from France to Rome, to beg one of the Holy Father. His Holiness promised to do his best in his favour, being moved by his many merits; but, on most scr enquiry, he found that not a Saint in the whole Calendar would consent to undertake the business. The good man was so grieved at this disappointment and took it so to heart that the Pope, pitying his evil case agreed to exert in his favour the power committed to him over the canonized Saints as well as the visible Church, and authorized him to go to St. Peter's on a certain day, early in the morning, where he was to be blindfolded, and, in this darkened condition, was to catch any Saint he could, and whose-soever image he could lay hold of, his Holiness promised, will-he-nill-he, that Saint should be obliged to undertake the protection of the Long Robe.

The good man was greatly comforted by this compliance and readily performed the part enjoined upon him. In the course of this game of Blind-man's Buff with the Saints, after "*burning*" and "freezing" and all the other alternations of that sport, he at last laid hold of a statue. "I have secured you," joyfully exclaimed the pilgrim. "I have at last the Patron Saint for the Lawyers!" It was a group of St. Michael vanquishing Satan! but as ill luck or fate would have it, he had laid hold, not of the Saint, but of the Devil! The Pope then had to dismiss him, dolorous and malcontent, though much grieved himself at the result, assuring him that it was beyond Infallible Power itself to press any Saint into such a service. Of course, I do not vouch for the truth of this legend. And, if substantially true, no sound Protestant need be obliged to receive it as a definitive settlement of the question. I regret it myself, as I do the current belief that when a lawyer dies, all that is necessary for the disposal of the body is, to leave it alone in a chamber with the window open, and, the next morning, it will be found that it is clean conveyed away and nothing out of the common to be discerned, except a strong smell of brimstone. I merely mention these things as instances of prevalent superstitions, to which I myself am superior; as, also, because they have enabled me to fill up half my letter, at least.

The poor Whigs have been out of luck this year in this State. Though they have the government of it, things won't work to their liking. I told you how shockingly things worked against them in the matter of the coming Convention. Well, they have lately tried a new *lay* for securing the Catholic vote—and that is by proposing an act for re-imbursing the owners of the Convent burnt by a Mob on the 11th of August, 1834. This bill actually passed the House by a large majority. But the unlucky Whigs found themselves in a very tight place, indeed. While the Catholics liked the measure well enough, their right trusty and well-beloved cousins, the orthodox ministers and church-members, took it in high dudgeon. Slavery they could stand very well when it approached them in the black gown and white cravat of a slaveholding minister; but the Scarlet Lady they could not away with at all. She was a greater abomination to them than any contained in the cup she holds in her right hand. So, a day or two since, the Bill was reconsidered and has got to go through the ordeal of another debate and vote. And to-day, an order, introduced by Mr. John Prince, of Danvers, when this question was first broached, for compensating Mr. Garrison for the injuries he received in the Mob to prevent a Mob (as the *Daily Advertiser* considered it) in 1835, was referred to the Judiciary Committee. In case the Committee grants a hearing, a good deal of historical information may be hoped from several eminent citizens who yet survive and took part in that celebrated action. It is said that the person who was mainly instrumental in getting up that Riot is ready to give the names of the patriotic gentlemen who employed him. I do not see but that Monsignor Fitzpatrick, the Bishop of Boston, and Mr. Garrison are in one and the same boat, and that they must "sink or swim, survive or perish" together.

You will see that Mr. Mann is down upon Mr. Phillips again. Of course, I have nothing to say against his hitting him as hard as he likes. I understand that his Free Soil friends think that he has got his antagonist's nob into Chancery and is punishing him severely. I don't precisely see it so myself—but then I am not much of a Fancy Man. It rather seems to me, as an impartial spectator, and by no means a backer of the Garrison Nobby One against the Free Soil Chicken, that the latter, though he is a pretty fighter and makes the licks fly like lightning, doesn't plant them well, and I am afraid is hardly up to the Nobby One's weight. I am apprehensive that he may have laid himself open to be cross-buttocked, if the Nobby One closes with him. However, his wind is excellent and we may hope for a good many rounds yet, before the Belt is finally adjudged to the Champion of New England.

To drop the metaphor and abandon the expressive language of the Ring and of the Noble Science of Self-Defence, Mr. Mann has not yet succeeded in clearing away those objections, as they lie in my head, which stand between the Garrison Abolitionists and that Gulf of Office yawning in the Forum, which they are most ready to fill up, if they can only get comfortably at it. What I want to know is, whether the Constitution of the United States imposes any obligations in relation to Slavery that did not exist before it. Whether, for example, under the 3d Clause of the 4th Article, a Slave is "a person held to service or labour" under the laws of a Slave State, and whether he "shall be delivered up on Claim of the Party to whom such Service or Labour may be due?" If these things be so, then are not the persons taking part in the Government, either as Constituents or Representatives, bound to make the necessary provisions for the execution of this Clause? It does not strike me as of any particular consequence in what capacity, general or special, a man takes the oath, in his own person, or by his deputed Representative; if this be the meaning of that clause, he is bound to see that due legal process is provided for executing it, whenever the case arises. And this is what the Abolitionists of the type of Mr. Garrison do not mean to do, or to assist in doing. If they are mistaken, and that clause does not refer to Slaves, and every man and every State stands towards Slavery just as they did under the old Confederation, then the Constitution will not stand in the way of our getting the fattest cuts we can out of the National platter, as well as other people.

It strikes me, too, that there *is* a difference between persons voluntarily administering a government and persons submitting to it because they can't help themselves. Mr. Phillips may be of kin to the worthy man of whom it was recorded in his Obituary, among his other virtues, "*that he loved to pay his taxes;*" but, if so, he doth not herein represent all his co-workers—this sufferance is not the badge of all his tribe. Because a majority, or a minority, of a nation agree to compel me to send my letters by a certain conveyance, and pay them a certain sum for almost all imported goods (there being things I have a natural right to do and possess), I do not see that I am responsible for the abuse they may make of the money they have extorted from me, any more than I should be for the debauchery of the highwaymen who had forced me to stand and deliver the means of his vices. Is M. Arago, for instance, who refused to swear allegiance to Louis Napoleon, responsible for his tyrannies, because he pays the *octroi* on the wine he drinks and the meat and firewood he consumes? I think not. But, admitting it to be so, it only proves the inconsistency of Mr. Phillips and his Anti-Slavery friends in furnishing the sinews of government; but by no means the consistency of an Abolitionist who officially gives direction and vitality to those sinews. It would only show that it was the duty of an Abolitionist to shake off the dust of his feet against his country and have no part nor lot with her. And, indeed, it is not a country fit for a Gentleman to live in. Nothing keeps me here, I am sure, but a belief that the Old-fashioned Anti-Slavery Cause affords a way of doing something towards making it a respectable residence, at some future time. But it is high time for me to stop, or I shall find myself preaching, before I know it.—D. Y.

THE people of Rhode Island have by nearly a thousand majority voted to sustain their Liquor Law. Politically, the Democrats have swept the State, and, it is affirmed, have elected a majority of Anti-Liquor Law members to the Legislature.

DINNER TO MR. HALE.—A Committee of Free Soilers at Boston, consisting of R. H. Dana, Jr., S. C. Phillips and others, having invited J. P. Hale to partake of a public dinner, in order that the free Democrats of Massachusetts may "give expression to the gratitude and admiration with which his public services have inspired them." Mr. Hale accepts, and names Thursday, May 5th, as a time convenient for him to be present.

ONE of the coloured boys who were abducted in Hamilton (C. W.), a few weeks since, and, who were supposed to have been sold into Slavery by one Smith, of that city, has returned. Smith had been tried and acquitted for want of evidence, but as we learn by the *Gazette*, has been re-arrested since the return of the boy Bachus, and will undergo another examination. He gave bail in the sum of £1,000 for his appearance at Court to answer the charges against him.

TREATMENT OF SLAVES.—The Columbus (Ga.), *Soil of the South*, gives the report of a committee appointed to examine the essays presented for the premium offered by the Southern Central Agricultural Society, for "the best acceptable essay on the management and treatment of slaves." The committee report that they have decided in favour of the essay of Rev. Thomas F. Scott, of Columbus, Ga., as entitled to the premium.

SEIZURE OF A PORTUGUESE SLAVER.—*Santo Domingo, Feb. 20th.*—Some short time since the Portuguese schooner Ceres, a well known slaver, and companion of the Venus, presented herself at Curacoa. Her true nature was immediately suspected; but the local government, in spite of existing treaties, satisfied itself with warning her off. She proceeded now to Porto Plata, the northern seaport of the Dominican Republic, with intentions to await there a new equipment from Trinidad de Cuba. However, the authorities of that small place acted with most praiseworthy zeal and energy. As soon as she was suspected, Gen. Pelletier, the Commandant of Arms, visited her, and, his suspicions being confirmed, she was laid under embargo, although one of the Spanish mercantile houses established there endeavoured to facilitate the vessel's escape during night. The Supreme government of the republic, having received information of these circumstances, despatched one of their men of war to Porto Plata, and conveyed the Ceres to the city of Santa Domingo, where the master and his crew were arraigned before the Supreme Court, and found guilty of having been engaged in the traffic of slaves, declared piracy by the laws of the republic. The captain, who calls himself Tomassini, has been sentenced, with his mate and pilot, to two years' prison, and the rest of the crew to one year. The vessel is claimed by the Dominican government as a prize. The proceedings of the court, which are voluminous, have been published, and it is much to be regretted that Senor Jose Maria Pando, commercial agent of the Spanish Government at Curacoa, occupies such a questionable place in these proceedings. Among the papers, a letter from that functionary was found, informing Senor Augustin Ginebra, merchant at Porta Plata, "that the Ceres proceeded to Porto Plata, with the object of awaiting orders from the owners in Tinidad de Cuba, and that meanwhile Senor Ginebra was to make the requisite advances." The Dominicans celebrated, on the 15th of February, the inauguration of General Santana, their liberator from Haytian yoke, as President. This gentleman is generally beloved, and the friends of the Republic promise themselves a true patriotic administration, without French or any other predilections.

THE Detroit *Times* states that the Sheriff of Kent County in Canada, recently arrested a man accused of having stolen $2,000 from a coloured woman in Chatham. On searching him they found $1,800 of the money secreted about his person. He was taken across the river and delivered to Her Majesty's officers, to be sent to Chatham. We are informed that this man formerly owned the woman whom he had robbed, and had sold her on two occasions while living at the South; that she finally obtained her freedom and moved to Illinois, where she purchased a small farm and where he, having become poor in circumstances, came and lived with her *as her husband;* that to get rid of him, she sold her farm at a large advance on its cost, and removed to Chatham, where he again overtook her, and after living with her a short time she was taken ill, when he robbed her of her money found on him when arrested.

CLERICAL INVESTIGATION OF THE RAPPINGS.—The annual meeting of the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn, was held on Tuesday, in Union Church, Fourth street, when a curious discussion took place relative to a paper on "Spiritual Rappers," which Rev. Charles Beecher, who is now on his way to Europe, in company with Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, had been requested, at the last semi-annual meeting, to prepare for consideration. Rev. T. Beecher stated that his brother had made great efforts to methodise the "rapping phenomena."

The arguments in the paper were founded on certain well authenticated phenomena. The first part of it consisted of a statement of the spiritual argument, and the third of the biblical argument, winding up with a proper conclusion. The paper did not settle the controversy, because the controversy has not in it the elements, as yet, at least, of settlement. To prepare it, his brother was obliged to enter into a voluminous correspondence, and to read books of flummery and nonsense. He was so careful about it, that some parts had been written and re-written upwards of five times. It was arranged that it should be published immediately after being read before that body; thus, as it were, receiving its stamp. An arrangement for its publication has been made. This document will be read before the association on Tuesday evening next.

ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION

IN CINCINNATI, OHIO,

TO BE HELD ON

TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY,

The 19th, 20th and 21st of April, 1853.

To the Friends of Universal Liberty, we again send forth our earnest call to come together in Convention.

FREEDOM is an inestimable blessing, Slavery an unspeakable evil; all history bears record to the struggles of the wise, the good and the great in behalf of Freedom. The noblest of men, and the greatest of the nations, have always valued it above all price. In our day it certainly ought to be no less precious. And Slavery being the very opposite of Freedom, is its deadliest foe.

Can we then, fellow-citizens, be engaged in a better work than that of assembling in a zealous and Christian spirit, to consult how most effectually the Abolition of Slavery may be brought about?

The slaveholders and their numerous allies have become the ruling power in this nation; this Slave Power controls the two great political parties, makes Presidents, governs official appointments, directs legislation, and what is worse than all, corrupts the sources of Religion and Morals, making our Christianity a pretence, and our Republicanism a sham: It desires above all things to be let alone, quietly to perpetrate its abominations, and determines to stop agitation.

Humanity, duty, and interest, on the other hand, call aloud on the friends of Freedom to agitate without ceasing, and to maintain an active and unflinching opposition to the Power of Slavery.

Fully persuaded of the righteousness of the Cause, and confiding in the blessing of Almighty God, we invite *all*, without reference to sect or party, sex or colour (so they be agreed in one thing, an honest hatred of Slavery), to come together to counsel, to encourage, and to plan for renewed and increasing efforts; to unite in sending forth a voice from the Metropolis of the Great West, declaratory of the growing hatred of the people to this cruel iniquity.

That veteran champion of Human Rights, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, of Boston, intends to take part in the Convention—and many other distinguished speakers will be specially invited, and are expected to attend.

CHRISTIAN DONALDSON,
SARAH OTIS ERNST,
WM. HENRY BRISBANE,
ELIZABETH T. COLEMAN,
JULIA HARWOOD,
ANDREW H. ERNST,
MARY M. GUILD,
MARY W. MANN,
JOHN JOLIFFE,
AMANDA E. LEWIS,
EDWARD HARWOOD,
NATHAN M. GUILD.

N. B. We respectfully request the Editors of newspapers to insert the above Call.

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N. B.—L. S. & Co. have recently published, and have now for sale, the "FARMER'S GUIDE," by Henry Stephens, of Edinburgh, and Prof. Norton, of Yale College, New Haven, complete in 2 vols., royal octavo, containing 1,600 pages, 14 steel and 600 wood engravings. Price, in muslin binding, $6; in paper covers, for the mail, $5.

☞ *This work is* NOT *the old "Book of the Farm," lately* RESUSCITATED *and thrown upon the market.*

A MASTER'S LIFE SAVED BY HIS SLAVE.—The St. Louis *Republican*, of March 7, relates that Mr. G. McCann was upset while crossing the Mississippi river alone in a canoe near his plantation. His cries attracted the attention of one of his negro men, who immediately put out in a skiff to his rescue. Before the negro arrived, Mr. McCann had become exhausted, and sunk. The faithful negro succeeded, however, at the imminent peril of his own life, in reaching his master, which he did by seizing him by the hair, and took him into the skiff. Mr. McCann was in an insensible state, and life was nearly extinct, but, by the application of restoratives, he was brought to consciousness, and was in a fair way to recover.

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Count Struenzee the Skeptic and the Christian.
TRANSLATED FROM THE G

Miscellaneous Department.

GOING TO SEE A MAN HANGED.

JULY, 1840.

BY WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

X——, who had voted with Mr. Ewart for the abolition of the punishment of death, was anxious to see the effect on the public mind of an execution, and asked me to accompany him to see Courvoisier killed. We had not the advantage of a sheriff's order, like the "six hundred noblemen and gentlemen" who were within the walls of the prison; but determined to mingle with the crowd at the foot of the scaffold, and take up our positions at a very early hour.

As I was to rise at three in the morning, I went to bed at ten, thinking that five hours' sleep would be amply sufficient to brace me against the fatigues of the coming day. But, as might have been expected, the event of the morrow was perpetually before my eyes through the night, and kept them wide open. I heard all the clocks in the neighbourhood chime the hours in succession; a dog from some court hard by kept up a pitiful howling; at one o'clock, a cock set up a feeble, melancholy crowing; shortly after two, the daylight came peeping gray through the window shutters; and by the time that X—— arrived, in fulfilment of his promise, I had been asleep about half an hour. He, more wise, had not gone to rest at all, but had remained up all night at the Club, along with Dash and two or three more. Dash is one of the most eminent wits in London, and had kept the company merry all night with appropriate jokes about the coming event. It is curious that a murderer is a great inspirer of jokes. We all like to laugh and have our fling about it; there is a certain grim pleasure in the circumstance—a perpetual jingling antithesis between life and death, that is sure of its effect.

In mansion or garret, on down or straw, surrounded by weeping friends and solemn oily doctors, or tossing unheeded upon scanty hospital beds, there were many people in this great city to whom that Sunday night was to be the last of any that they should pass on earth here. In the course of half-a-dozen dark, wakeful hours, one had leisure to think of these (and a little, too, of that certain supreme night, that shall come at one time or other, when he who writes shall be stretched upon the last bed, prostrate in the last struggle, taking the last look of dear faces that have cheered us here, and lingering—one moment more—ere we part for the tremendous journey); but, chiefly, I could not help thinking, as each clock sounded, what is *he* doing now? has *he* heard it in his little room in Newgate yonder? Eleven o'clock. He has been writing until now. The jailer says he is a pleasant man enough to be with; but he can hold but no longer, and he is very weary. "Wake me at four," says he, "for I have still much to put down." From eleven to twelve, the jailer hears how he is grinding his teeth in his sleep. At twelve he is up in his bed, and asks, "Is it the time?" He has plenty more time yet for sleep; and he sleeps, and the bells go on tolling. Seven hours more—five hours more. Many a carriage is clattering through the streets, bringing ladies away from evening parties; many bachelors are reeling home after a jolly night; Covent Garden is alive; and the light coming through the cell-window turns the jailer's candle pale. Four hours more! "Courvoisier," says the jailer, shaking him, "it's four o'clock now, and I've woke you, as you told me; but there's no call for you *to get up yet*." The poor wretch leaves his bed, however, and makes his last toilet; and then falls to writing, to tell the world how he did the crime for which he has suffered. This time he will tell the truth, and the whole truth. They bring him his breaktast "from the coffee-shop opposite—tea, coffee, and thin bread and butter." He will take nothing, however, but goes on writing. He has to write to his mother—the pious mother far away in his own country—who reared him and loved him; and even now has sent him her forgiveness and her blessing. He finishes his memorials and letters, and makes his will, disposing of his little miserable property of books and tracts that pious people have furnished him with. "*Ce 6 Juillet*, 1840. *François Benjamin Courvoisier vois donne ceci, mon ami, pour souvenir.*" He has a token for his dear friend the jailer; another for his dear friend the under-sheriff. As the day of the convict's death draws nigh, it is painful to see how he fastens upon every body who approaches him, how pitifully he clings to them and loves them.

While these things are going on within the prison (with which we are made accurately acquainted by the copious chronicles of such events which are published subsequently), X——'s carriage has driven up to the door of my lodgings, and we have partaken of an elegant *disjeune* that has been prepared for the occasion. A cup of coffee at half-past three in the morning is uncommonly pleasant; and X—— enlivens us with the repetition of the jokes that Dash has just been making. Admirable, certainly—they must have had a merry night of it, that's clear; and we stoutly debate whether, when one has to get up so early in the morning, it is best to have an hour or two of sleep, or wait and go to bed afterwards at the end of the day's work. That fowl is extraordinarily tough—the wing, even, is as hard as a board; a slight disappointment, for there is nothing else for breakfast. "Will any gentleman have some sherry and soda-water before he sets out? It cleans the brain famously." Thus primed, the party sets out? The coachman has dropped asleep on the box, and wakes up wildly as the hall-door opens. It is just four o'clock. About this very time they are waking up poor—pshaw! who is for a cigar? X—— does not smoke himself; but vows and protests, in the kindest way in the world, that he does not care in the least for the new drab-silk linings of his carriage. Z——, who smokes, mounts, however the box. "Drive to Snow Hill," says the owner of the chariot. The policemen, who are the only people in the street, and are standing by, look knowing—they know what it means well enough.

How cool and clean the streets look, as the carriage startles the echoes that have been asleep in the corners all night. Somebody has been sweeping the pavements clean in the night-time surely; they would not soil a lady's white satin shoes, they are so dry and neat. There is not a cloud or a breath in the air, except Z——'s cigar, which whiffs off, and soars straight upwards in volumes of white, pure smoke. The trees in the squares look bright and green—as bright as leaves in the country in June. We who keep late hours don't know the beauty of London air and verdure; in the early morning they are delightful—the most fresh and lively companions possible. But they cannot bear the crowd and the bustle of mid-day. You don't know them then—they are no longer the same things. We have come to Gray's inn; there is actually dew upon the grass in the gardens; and the windows of the stout old red houses are all in a flame.

As we enter Holborn the town grows more animated; and there are already twice as many people in the streets as you see at mid-day in a German *residence* or an English provincial town. The gin-shop keepers have many of them taken their shutters down, and many persons are issuing from them, pipe in hand. Down they go along the broad bright street, their blue shadows marching *after* them; for they are all bound the same way, and are bent like us upon seeing the hanging.

It is twenty minutes past four as we pass St. Sepulchre's; by this time many hundred persons are in the street, and many more are coming up Snow Hill. Before us lies Newgate prison; but something a great deal more awful to look at, which seizes the eye at once, and makes the heart beat, is the scaffold.

There it stands, black and ready, jutting out from a little door in the prison. As you see it, you feel a kind of dumb electric shock, which causes one to start a little, and give a sort of gasp for breath. The shock is over in a second; and presently you examine the object before you with a certain feeling of complacent curiosity. At least, such was the effect the gallows first produced upon the writer, who is trying to set down all his feelings as they occurred, and not to exaggerate them at all.

After the gallows-shock had subsided, we went down into the crowd, which was very numerous, but not dense as yet. It was evident that the day's *business* had not begun. People sauntered up, and formed groups, and talked; the new comers asking those who seemed *habitues* of the place about former executions; and did the victim hang with his face towards the clock or towards Ludgate Hill? and had he the rope round his neck on the scaffold, or was it put on by Jack Ketch afterwards? and had Lord W—— taken a window, and which was he? I may mention the noble marquis's name, as he was not at the exhibition. A pseudo W—— was pointed out in an opposite window, towards whom all the people in our neighbourhood looked eagerly, and with great respect too. The mob seemed to have no sort of ill-will against him, but sympathy and admiration. This noble lord's personal courage and strength has won the plebs over to him. Perhaps his exploits against policemen have occasioned some of this popularity; for the mob hates them, as children the schoolmaster.

Throughout the whole four hours, however, the mob was extraordinarily gentle and good-humoured. At first we had leisure to talk to the people about us; and I recommend X——'s brother senators of both sides of the house to see more of this same people, and to appreciate them better. Honourable members are battling and struggling in the House; shouting, yelling, crowing, hear-hearing, pooh-poohing, making speeches of three columns, and gaining "great conservative triumphs," or "signal successes of the Reform cause," as the case may be. Three hundred and ten gentlemen of good fortune, and able for the most part to quote Horace, declare solemnly that unless Sir Robert comes in, the nation is ruined. Three hundred and fifteen on the other side swear by their great gods that the safety of the empire depends upon Lord John; and to this end they quote Horace too.

I declare that I have never been in a great London crowd without thinking of what they call the two "great" parties in England with wonder. For which of the two great leaders do these people care, I pray you? When Lord Stanley withdrew his Irish bill the other night, were they in transports of joy, like worthy persons who read the *Globe* and the *Chronicle*? or when he beat the ministers, were they wild with delight, like honest gentlemen who read the *Post* and the *Times*? Ask yonder ragged fellow, who has evidently frequented debating-clubs, and speaks with good sense and shrewd good-nature. He cares no more for Lord John than he does for Sir Robert; and, with due respect be it said, would mind very little if both of them were ushered out by Mr. Ketch, and took their places under yonder black beam. What are the two great parties to him and those like him? Sheer wind, howling humbug, absurd claptrape; a silly mummery of dividing and debating, which does not in the least, however it may turn, affect his condition. It has been so ever since the happy days when whigs and tories began; and a pretty pastime no doubt it is for both. August parties, great balances of British freedom: are not the two sides quite as active, and eager, and loud, as at their very birth, and ready to fight for place as stoutly as ever they fought before? But, lo! in the meantime, while you are jangling and brawling over the accounts, *Populus*, whose estate you have administered while he was an infant, and could not take care of himself—Populus has been growing and growing, till he is every bit as wise as his guardians. Talk to our ragged friend. He is not so polished, perhaps, as a member of the Oxford and Cambridge Club; he has not been to Eton; and never read Horace in his life; but he can think just as soundly as the best of you; he can speak quite as strongly in his own rough way; he has been reading all sorts of books of late years, and gathered together no little information. He is as good a man as the common run of us; and there are ten million more men in the country as good as he—ten million, for whom we, in our infinite superiority, are acting as guardians, and to whom, in our bounty, we give—exactly nothing. Put yourself in their position, worthy sir. You and a hundred others find yourselves in some lone place, where you set up a government. You take a chief, as is natural; he is the chiefest order-keeper in the world. You establish half-a-dozen worthies, whose families you say shall have the privilege to legislate for you forever; half-a-dozen more, who shall be appointed by a choice of thirty of the rest; and the other sixty, who shall have no choice, vote, place or privilege, at all. Honourable, sir, suppose that you are one of the last sixty: how will you feel, you who have intelligence, passions, honest pride, as well as your neighbour; how will you feel towards your equals, in whose hands lie all the power and all the property of the community? Would you love and honour them, tamely acquiesce in their superiority, see their privileges, and go yourself disregarded without a pang? You are not a man if you would. I am not talking of right or wrong, or debating questions of government. But ask my friend there with the ragged elbows and no shirt, what he thinks? You have your party, Conservative or Whig, as it may be; you believe that an aristocracy is an institution necessary, beautiful and virtuous. You are a gentleman, in other words, and stick by your party.

And our friend with the elbows (the crowd is thickening hugely all this time) sticks by *his*. Talk to him of whig or tory, he grins at them; of virtual representation, pish! He is a *democrat*, and will stand by his friends, as you by yours; and they are twenty millions, of whom a vast minority now, a majority a few years hence, will be as good as you. In the meantime we shall continue electing, and debating, and dividing, and having every day new triumphs for the glorious cause of conservatism, or the glorious cause of reform, until ——

* * * * *

What is the meaning of this unconscionable republican trade—*apropos*, of a hanging? Such feelings, I think, must come across any man in a vast multitude like this. What good sense and intelligence have most of the people by whom you are surrounded; how much sound humour does one hear bandied about from one to the other? A great number of coarse phrases are used, that would make ladies in drawing-rooms blush; but the morals of the men are good and hearty. A ragamuffin in the crowd (a powdery baker in a white sheep-wool cap) uses some indecent expression to a woman near; there is an instant cry of shame, which silences the man, and a dozen people are ready to give the woman protection. The crowd has grown very dense by this time, it is about six o'clock, and there is great heaving, and pushing, and swaying to and fro; but round the women the men have formed a circle, and keep them as much as possible out of the rush and trample. In one of the houses near us, a gallery has been formed on the roof. Seats were here let, and a number of persons of various degrees were occupying them. Several tipsy, dissolute-looking young men, of the Dick Swiveller cast, were in this gallery. One was lolling over the sunshiney tiles, with a fierce sodden face, out of which came a pipe, and which was shaded by long matted hair, and a hat cocked very much on one side. This gentleman was one of a party, which had evidently not been to bed on Sunday night, but had passed it in some of those delectable night-houses in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden. The debauch was not over yet, and the women of the party were giggling, drinking and romping, as is the wont of these delicate creatures; sprawling here and there, and falling upon the knees of one or other of the males. Their scarfs were off their shoulders, and you saw the sun shining down upon the bare white flesh, and the shoulder-points glittering like burning-glasses. The people about us were very indignant at some of the proceedings of this debauched crew, and at last raised up such a yell as frightened them into shame, and they were more orderly for the remainder of the day. The windows of the shops opposite began to fill apace, and our before-mentioned friend with ragged elbows pointed out a celebrated fashionable character who occupied one of them; and, to our surprise, knew as much about him as the *Court Journal*, or the *Morning Post*. Presently he entertained us with a long and pretty accurate account of the history of Lady ——, and indulged in a judicious criticism upon her last work. I have met with a country gentleman who had not read half as many books as this honest fellow, this shrewd *proletaire* in a black shirt. The people about him took up and carried on the conversation very knowingly, and were very little behind him in point of information. It was just as good a company as one meets on common occasions. I was in a genteel crowd in one of the galleries at the queen's coronation: indeed, in point of intelligence, the democrats were quite equal to the aristocrats. How many more such groups were there in this immense multitude of nearly forty thousand, as some say? How many more such throughout the country? I never yet, as I said before, have been in an English mob, without the same feeling for the persons who composed it, and without wonder at the vigorous, orderly good sense, and intelligence of the people.

The character of the crowd was as yet, however, quite festive. Jokes bandying about here and there, and jolly laughs breaking out. Some men were endeavouring to climb up a leaden pipe on one of the houses. The landlord came out and endeavoured, with might and main, to pull them down. Many thousand eyes turned upon this contest immediately. All sorts of voices issued from the crowd and uttered choice expressions of slang. When one of the men was pulled down by the leg, the waves of this black mob-ocean laughed innumerably; when one fellow slipped away, scrampled up the pipe, and made good his lodgment on the shelf, we were all made happy, and encouraged him by loud shouts of admiration. What is there so particularly delightful in the spectacle of a man climbing up a gas-pipe? Why were we kept for a quarter of an hour in deep interest gazing upon this remarkable scene? Indeed it is hard to say; a man does not know what a fool he is until he tries; or, at least, what mean follies will amuse him. The other day I went to Astley's, and saw a clown come in with a foolscap and pinafore, and six small boys who represented his schoolfellows. To them enters schoolmaster; horses clown, and flogs him hugely on the back part of his pinafore. I never read anything in Swift, Boz, Rabelais, Fielding or Paul de Kock, which delighted me so much as this sight, and caused me to laugh so profoundly. And why? What is there so ridiculous in the sight of one miserably rouged man beating another on the breach? Tell us where the fun lies, in this and the before mentioned episode of the gas-pipe? Vast, indeed, are the capacities and ingenuities of the human soul that can find, in incidents so wonderfully small, means of contemplation and amusement.

Really the time has passed away with extraordinary quickness. A thousand things of the sort related here came to amuse us. First the workmen knocking and hammering at the scaffold, mysterious clattering of blows was heard within it, and a ladder painted black, was carried round, and into the interior of the edifice by a small side-door. We all looked at this little ladder and at each other—things began to be very interesting. Soon came a squad of policemen; stalwart, rosy-looking men, saying much for city-feeding; well-dressed, well-limbed, and of admirable good humour. They paced about the open space between the prison and the barriers which kept in the crowd from the scaffold. The front line, as far as I could see, was chiefly occupied by blackguards and boys—professional persons, no doubt, who saluted the policemen on their appearance with a volley of jokes and ribaldry. As far as I could judge from faces, there were more blackguards of sixteen and seventeen, than of any maturer age; stunted, sallow, ill-grown lads, in rugged fustian, scowling about. There were a considerable number of girls, too, of the same age; one that Cruikshank and Boz might have taken as a study for Nancy. The girl was a young thief's mistress, evidently; if attacked, ready to reply without a particle of modesty; could give as good ribaldry as she got; made no secret (and there were several inquiries) as to her profession and means of livelihood. But with all this, there were something good about the girl; a sort of devil-may-care candour and simplicity that one could not fail to see. Her answers to some of the coarse questions put to her were very ready and good-humoured. She had a friend with her of the same age and class, of whom she seemed to be very fond, and who looked up to her for protection. Both of these women had beautiful eyes. Devil-may-care's were extraordinarily bright and blue, an admirably fair complexion, and a large red mouth full of white teeth. *Au reste*, ugly, stunted, thick-limbed, and by no means a beauty. Her friend could not be more than fifteen. They were not in rags, but had greasy cotton shawls, and old, faded, rag-shop bonnets. I was curious to look at them, having, in late fashionable novels, read many accounts of such personages. Bah! what figments these novelists tell us! Boz, who knows life well, knows that his Miss Nancy is the most unreal fantastical personage possible; no more like a thief's mistress than one of Gessner's shepherdesses resembles a real country wench. He dare not tell the truth concerning such young ladies. They have, no doubt, virtues like other human creatures; nay, their position engenders virtues that are not called into exercise among other women. But on these an honest painter of human nature has no right to dwell; not being able to paint the whole portrait, he has no right to present one or two favourable points as characterizing the whole; and, therefore, in fact, had better leave the picture alone altogether. The new French literature is essentially false and worthless from this very error—the writers giving us favourable pictures of monsters (and, to say nothing of decency or morality), pictures quite untrue to nature.

But yonder, glittering through the crowd in Newgate street—see the sheriff's carriages are slowly making their way. We have been here three hours! Is it possible that they can have passed so soon? Close to the barriers, where we are, the mob has become so dense that it is with difficulty a man can keep his feet. Each man, however, is very careful in protecting the women, and all are full of jokes and good-humour. The windows of the shops opposite are now pretty nearly filled by the persons who hired them. Many young dandies are there with mustachios and cigars; some quiet, fat, family parties, of simple honest tradesmen and their wives, as we fancy, who are looking on with the greatest imaginable calmness, and sipping their tea. Yonder is the sham Lord W——, who is flinging various articles among the crowd; one of his companions, a tall burly man, with large mustachios, has provided himself with a squirt, and is aspersing the mob with brandy and water. Honest gentleman! high-bred aristocrat! genuine lover of humour and wit! I would walk some miles to see thee on the treadmill, thee and thy Mohawk-crew!

We tried to get up a hiss against these ruffians, but only had a trifling success; the crowd did not seem to think their offence very heinous; and our friend, the philosopher in the ragged elbows, who had remained near us all the time, was not inspired with any savage disgust at the proceedings of certain notorious young gentlemen, as I must confess fills my own particular bosom. He only said, "So and so is a lord, and they'll let him off," and then discoursed about Lord Ferrers being hanged. The philosopher knew the history pretty well, and so did most of the little knot of persons about him, and it must be a gratifying thing for young gentlemen to find that their actions are made the subject of this kind of conversation.

Scarcely a word had been said about Courvoisier all this time. We were all as far as I could judge, in just the frame of mind as men are in when they are squeezing at the pit-door of a play, or pushing for a review or a lord mayor's show. We asked most of the men who were near us, whether they had seen many executions? Most of them had, the philosopher especially. Whether the sight of them did any good? "For the matter of that, no; people did not care about them at all; nobody ever thought of it a bit." A countryman, who had left his drove in Smithfield, said the same thing; he had seen a man hanged at York, and spoke of the ceremony with perfect good sense, and in a quiet, sagacious way.

J. S——, the famous wit, now dead, had, I recollect, a good story upon the subject of executing, and of the terror which the punishment inspires. After Thistlewood and his companions were hanged, their heads were taken off, according to the sentence; and the executioner, as he severed each, held it up to the crowd in the proper orthodox way, saying, "Here is the head of a traitor!" At the sight of the first ghastly head the people were struck with terror, and a general expression of disgust and fear broke from them. The second head was looked at with much interest, but the excitement regarding the third head diminished. When the executioner had come to the last of the heads, he lifted it up, but, by some clumsiness, allowed it to drop. At this the crowd yelled out, "*Ah! Butter-fingers!*"—the excitement had passed entirely away. The punishment had grown to be a joke—Butter-fingers was the word—a pretty commentary, indeed, upon the august nature of public execution, and the majesty of the law.

It was past seven now; the quarters rang, and passed away; the crowd began to grow very eager and more quiet, and we turned back every now and then and looked at St. Sepulchre's clock. Half an hour, twenty-five minutes. What is he doing now? He has his irons off by this time. A quarter; he's in the press-room, now, no doubt. Now at last we had come to think about the man we were going to see hanged. How slowly the clock crept over the last quarter! Those who were able to turn round and see (for the crowd was now extraordinarily dense), chronicled the time eight minutes, five minutes; at last—ding, dong, dong, dong!—the bell is tolling the chimes of eight.

* * * * *

Between the writing of this line and the last, the pen has been put down, as the reader may suppose, and the person who is addressing him gone through a pause of no very pleasant thoughts and recollections. The whole of the sickening, ghastly, wicked scene passes before the eyes again; and, indeed, it is an awful one to see, and very hard and painful to describe.

As the clock began to strike, an immense sway and movement swept over the whole of that vast dense crowd. They were all uncovered directly, and a great murmur arose, more awful, *bizarre*, and undescribable than any sound I had ever before heard. Women and children began to shriek horribly. I don't know whether it was the bell I heard; but a dreadful, quick, feverish kind of jungling noise, mingled with the noise of the people, and lasted for about two minutes. The scaffold stood before us, tenantless and black; the black chain was hanging down ready from the beam. Nobody came. "He has been respited," some one said; another said, "He has killed himself in prison."

Just then, from under the black prison-door, a pale, quiet head peared out. It was shockingly bright and distinct; it rose up directly, and a man in black appeared on the scaffold, and was silently followed by about four more dark figures. The first was a tall, grave man: we all knew who the second man was. "That's he—that's he!" you heard the people say, as the devoted man came up.

I have seen a cast of the head since, but, indeed, should never have known it. Courvoisier bore his punishment like a man, and walked very firmly. He was dressed in a new black suit, as it seemed; his shirt was open. His arms were tied in front of him. He opened his hands in a helpless kind of way, and clasped them once or twice together. He turned his head here and there, and looked about him for an instant with a wild, imploring look. His mouth was contracted into a sort of pitiful smile. He went and placed himself at once under the beam, with his face towards St. Sepulchre's. The tall, grave man in black twisted him round swiftly in the other direction, and, drawing from his pockets a night-cap, pulled it tight over the patient's head and face. I am not ashamed to say that I could look no more, but shut my eyes as the last dreadful act was going on, which sent this wretched guilty soul into the presence of God.

If a public execution is beneficial—and beneficial it is no doubt, or else the wise laws would not encourage forty thousand people to witness it—the next useful thing must be a full description of such a ceremony, and all its *entourages*, and to this end the above pages are offered to to the reader. How does an individual man feel under it? In what way does he observe it—how does he view all the phenomena connected with it—what induces him in the first instance, to go and see it—and how is he moved by it afterwards? The writer has discarded the magazine "We" altogether, and spoken face to face with the reader, recording every one of the impressions felt by him as honestly as he could.

I must confess, then (for "I" is the shortest word, and the best in this case), that the sight has left on my mind an extraordinary feeling of terror and shame. It seems to me that I have been abetting an act of frightful wickedness and violence, performed by a set of men against one of their fellows; and I pray God that it may soon be out of the power of any man in England to witness such a hideous and degrading sight. Forty thousand persons (say the sheriffs) of all ranks and degrees—mechanics, gentlemen, pickpockets, members of both houses of parliament, street walkers, newspaper writers, gather together before Newgate at a very early hour; the most part of them give up their natural quiet night's rest, in order to partake of this horrid debauchery, which is more exciting than sleep, or than wine, or the last new ballet, or any other amusement they can have. Pickpocket and peer each is tickled by the sight alike, and has that hidden lust after blood which influences our race—government, a Christian government, gives us a feast every now and then; it agrees, that is to say, a majority in the two Houses agrees, that for certain crimes it is necessary that a man should be hanged by the neck. Government commits the criminal's soul to the mercy of God, stating that here on earth he is to look for no mercy: keeps him for a fortnight to prepare, provides him with a clergyman to settle his religious matters (if there be time enough, but government can't wait); and on Monday morning, the bell tolling, the clergyman reading out the word of God, "I am the resurrection and the life," "The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away,"—on a Monday morning, at eight o'clock, this man is placed under a beam, with a rope connecting it and him; a plank disappears from under him, and those who have paid for good places may see the government agent Jack Ketch, coming up from his black hole, and seizing the prisoner's legs, and pulling them until he is quite dead—strangled.

Many persons, and well-informed newspapers, say that it is mawkish sentiment to talk in this way, morbid humanity, cheap philanthropy, that any man can get up and preach about. There is the *Observer*, for instance, a paper conspicuous for the tremendous sarcasm which distinguishes its articles, and which falls cruelly foul of the *Morning Herald*. "Courvoisier is dead," says the *Observer*; he "died as he had lived—a villian; a lie was in his mouth. Peace be to his ashes. We war not with the dead." What a magnanimous *Observer!* From this, *Observer* turns to the *Herald*, and says, "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.*" So much for the *Herald*.

We quote from memory, and the quotation from the *Observer* possibly is—*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*; or, *Omne ignotum pro magnifico*; or, *Sero nunquam est ad bonos mores via*; or, *Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes emollit mores nec sinit esse feros*; all of which pithy Roman apothegms would apply just as well.

"Peace be to his ashes. He died a villain." This is both benevolence and reason. Did he die a villain? The *Observer* does not want to destroy him body and soul, evidently, from that pious wish that his ashes should be at peace. Is the next Monday but one after the sentence the time necessary for a villain to repent in? May a man not require more leisure—a week more—six weeks more—before he has been able to make his repentance sure before Him who died for us all? for all, be it remembered—not alone for the judge and jury, or for the sheriffs, or for the executioner who is pulling down the legs of the prisoner—but for him, too, murderer and criminal as he is, whom we are killing for his crime. Do you want to kill him body and soul? Heaven forbid! My lord in the black cap especially prays, that Heaven may have mercy on him; but he must be ready by Monday morning.

Look at the documents which came from the prison of this unhappy Courvoisier during the few days which passed between his trial and execution. Were ever letters more painful to read? At first his statements are false, contradictory, lying. He has not repented then. His last declaration seems to be honest, as far as the relation of the crime goes. But read the rest of his statement—the account of his personal history, and the crimes which he committed in his young days—then, "how the evil thought came to him to put his hand to the work"—it is evidently the writing of a mad, distracted man. The horrid gallows is perpetually before him; he is wild with dread and remorse. Clergymen are with him ceaselessly; religious tracts are forced into his hands; night and day they ply him with the beinousness of his crime, and exhortations to repentance. Read through that last paper of his; by Heaven, it is pitiful to read it. See the Scripture phrases brought in now and anon; the peculiar terms of tract-phraseology (I do not wish to speak of these often meritorious publications with disrespect); one knows too well how such language is learned—imitated from the priest at the bedside, eagerly seized and appropriated, and confounded by the poor prisoner.

But murder is such a monstrous crime (this is the great argument)—when a man has killed another, it is natural that he should be killed. Away with your foolish sentimentalists who say no—it is *natural*. That is the word, and a fine philosophical opinion it is—philosophical and Christian. Kill a man, and you must be killed in turn; that is the unavoidable *sequitur*. You may talk to a man for a year upon the subject, and he will always reply to you, it is natural, and therefore it must be done. Blood demands blood.

Does it? The systems of compensations might be carried on *ad infinitum*—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, as by the old Mosaic law. But (putting the fact out of the question, that we have had this statute repealed by the highest authority), why, because you lose your eye, is that of your opponent's to be extracted likewise? Where is the reason for the practice? And yet it is just as natural as the death dictum, founded precisely upon the same show of sense. Knowing, however, that revenge is not only evil, but useless, we have given it up on all points. Only to the last we stick firm, contrary though it be to reason and to Christian law.

There is some talk too, of the terror which the sight of the spectacle inspires, and of this we have endeavoured to give as good a notion as we can in the above pages. I fully confess that I came away down Snow Hill that morning with a disgust for murder, but it was for *the murder I saw done*. As we made our way through the immense crowd, we came upon two little girls of eleven and twelve years; one of them was crying bitterly, and begged, for Heaven's sake, that some one would lead her from that horrid place. This was done, and the children were carried into a place of safety. We asked the elder girl—a very pretty one—what brought her into such a neighbourhood? The child grinned knowingly, and said, "We've koom to see the man hanged!" Tender law, that brings out babes upon such errands, and provides them with such gratifying moral spectacles!

This is the 20th of July, and I may be permitted for my part to declare, that, for the last fourteen days, so salutary has the impression of the butchery been upon me, I have had the man's face continually before my eyes; that I can see Mr. Ketch at this moment, with an easy air, taking the rope from his pocket; that I feel myself ashamed and degraded at the brutal curiosity which took me to that brutal sight; and that I pray to Almighty God to cause this disgraceful sin to pass from among us, and to cleanse our land of blood.

"Let any person but keep close to the creed and the commandments; believe those things which the Scripture hath made necessary to be done, and be is under no manner of obligation to inquire what any church on earth thinks fit to believe or to do besides.

"Many opinions may be true and useful; many practices may be innocent and edifying; but nothing can be matter of necessity except what Christ and his apostles required as terms of salvation.

"Every person that complies with these is a true Christian; and every church that teacheth these is a true church; and neither ignorance nor error about any other matters can forfeit our title to everlasting life.

"When once Christ hath said, 'Believe and do such things and you shall be saved, who is it that shall dare to say, Believe and do more, or you shall not be saved?"—*Bishop Portens.*

HISTORY OF THE PARASOL.

THE invention of umbrellas and parasols is as old as the first symptoms of civilization amongst the Greeks and Romans. The upper classes of both nations soon learnt the use of parasols and umbrellas to defend themselves from rain and sun; but the form of both these articles differed essentially from those used in our day, and were infinitely less useful and ornamental than our own. They came originally from the East, where they date from the earliest antiquity; and where, as in Rome and Athens, they were borne by a slave over the heads of the patrician ladies when they appeared in the streets. They were designated as the *tholium* and *umbella*. Pollux mentions their use, and speaks of them as '*Tholium reticulum, quoddam fattigatum et fornicatum quo pro umbella mulieres utuntur.*' 'A little dome in network, which the women use for parasols.'

In Rome they were much employed at the theatres, the awnings of which were not always sufficient shield against the ardours of an Italian sun; and Martial exclaims, '*Umbellam tusca Lygde feras domine!*' The Roman ladies, extravagant in everything, carried magnificence to excess in the matter of their parasols; and this small article of luxury became the subject of envy and rivalry amongst the *lionnes* of the day. The parasols were mounted in Indian bamboo, or in ivory enamelled with gold and precious stones. The slaves whose office consisted in holding the parasol, were called *umbelliferi*; and they walked behind the mistress, drawing the awning on either side according to the direction of the rays of the sun. Some of these parasols were of square form, and required the assistance of four slaves to hold them steadily. The effect was that of the *dais* or tester still used in the processions of the Catholic Church. These, when composed of silk, and highly ornamented with gold and precious stones, were of immense value, and cost far more than the chariot and high-bred bays which carry our modern *elegante* round Hyde Park or through the alleys of the Bois de Boulogne. Paciandi, a learned writer, has given us, under the title of '*Umbellæ Gestatione Commentarium*,' a complete dissertation on the parasol, and mentions the extravagant folly of the Roman ladies, who sometimes expended the revenues of a province on their sun-shades. The four-handled awnings especially are anathematized by him, as being indicative of the excessive luxury and reckless extravagance which hurled the Empire to its ruin. In the collection of paintings from the antique vases of the Louvre, these awnings are often repeated, sometimes with the addition of a dwarf slave, bearing a small dome-shaped parasol, surmounted with an *aigrette* of feathers.

In the processions in honour of the goddess Ales, and in those feasts of Bacchus which were celebrated in Arcadia, a young virgin was appointed to carry the sacred umbrella over the statue of the god, the aim not being to screen it from the air, but to display the respect yielded to his divine power.

The umbrella spoken of by Virgil in the second book of the Georgics as *munimen ad imbres*, bore a different shape to those above-mentioned. According to the description given by Martial, in the fourteenth book of Epigrams, it consisted of nothing more than a broad flap of leather. 'Although you may set forth in fine weather, always have ready a flap of leather to shelter you from sudden showers.'

Not only is the parasol or umbrella in general use throughout the world, but in most countries is considered a mark of distinction. In the vast empire of Morocco, the Emperor alone has the privilege of carrying a parasol; in China the rank of an individual is determined by the parasol, sometimes being three stories high; it then denotes its bearer as among the highest functionaries of the empire. But every honour and submission is due to the four-storied parasol, which is reserved to the exclusive possession of his Imperial Majesty himself. This kind of multiplied parasol is placed on board the imperial junks, in order to be seen from all sides at once, and inspire a due respect in the beholder. At this signal of sovereign power, every vessel coming in the opposite direction is compelled to arrest its progress until the parasol is lost to sight; and thus the approach of the junk is unchecked, no matter how great the crowd of ships in the canal at the time.

Father Lecomte, in his great annals of China, tells us that no European imagination can picture to itself the splendour of the parasols used in the grand procession which accompanies the Emperor on his march to the Great Pagoda. Twenty-four of these parasols are mounted in solid gold; but the one held over the imperial person eclipses them all, being composed of the most costly materials, and shining with enamel, gold, and precious stones. The imperial chargers, twelve in number, are led by grooms, and followed by slaves, likewise bearing parasols, to shield them from the sun. These parasols have each different insignia, being ornamented according to the rank of the bearer and the length of time he may have been in the imperial service.

The parasol has always been more in use in China than in Europe. No Chinese, whether bonze, mandarin or marabout, ever leaves his house without the parasol. Horses and elephants are equally sheltered by umbrellas fixed on long canes of bamboo. Even in the lowest depths of misery, when reduced to beg by the wayside, the Chinese cares not so long as fortune deprives him not of his parasol; and one of the popular songs of this people is in praise of the parasol, which affords shelter from sun and rain, and clothing and concealment to those whom fate befriends no more. In China the umbrella is generally made of oiled paper, ornamented with moral sentences from the writings of Confucius, or with allegorical and religious emblems. In Japan, the parasol is reserved for the solemn ceremonies of religion. The Emperor possesses the most rare and splendid collections of umbrellas in the whole world. Like the King of Siam, he distributes to the principal officers of his court certain parasols of honour, bordered with fringe, and possessing two domes of silk richly embroidered and surmounted with the plumage of the rarest birds. The high priest at Macao is distinguished by the immense parasol which is carried over his head, and from beneath which his unctuous sentences find their way among the assembled crowd.

At the grand procession of Juggernaut, the Brahmins vie with each other in the richness of the parasols they carry before the god. At the feast of Sapan-Gianchei, in the kingdom of Pegu, the king distributes presents of rich umbrellas to the ambassadors residing at his court. The parasol once belonging to the Queen of Travancore, and called the State awning, will give some idea of the gorgeous manufacture of this article of luxury in the East. It was captured along with other booty by the English army, and may be seen at the Museum of Eastern Curiosities in London.

La Loubère declares, in his description of the kingdom of Siam, that on the day of the crowning of the sovereign, it is the custom to distribute to each functionary a parasol of fashion and invention peculiar to the circumstances, and that much curiosity is expressed to behold the procession which accompanies the king to the Great Temple, on account of the novelty in form and material always exhibited in the State parasols.

Less change has been visible in the form of the parasol than in that of the umbrella. From the very first they were made with the same delicate embroidery and sliding sticks as used at the present day. At this very moment may be seen, in Cazal's shop, on the Boulevard des Italien, the very parasol used by Madame du Barry. It is of pink silk, which time has rendered a faint salmon colour. It is embroidered in small compartments all round the edge, each compartment containing a grotesque Chinese subject. The handle slides as do those used in open carriages now a days, and the fringes and bugles which surround the border are not at all disproportionate to the present taste. It has been observed by Paul de Kock, in one of his novels, that it is the easiest thing in the world to ascertain the social position of a female by the shape and pretension of her parasol. He engages to stand on the Boulevard any fine day in summer and guess the age and degree of every woman who passes by a single glance at her *ombrelle*. "There is," says he, "a peculiar parasol for the great lady, for the young girl, for the matron, the *lorette*, the shop-girl, the work woman and the *femme de chambre*."

The character of the woman may likewise be guessed at with security by the manner in which she bears her parasol. Some carry it in a languishing fashion over the shoulder, even allowing it to droop as low as the waist; others hold it high above the head, in full consciousness of its usefulness. Some look boldly forward as they grasp the extreme end of the stick, while others retire modestly beneath its shade, and thus seem to walk alone in the midst of the most crowded thoroughfare. It is sometimes quite a marvel to behold, in the alleys of the Bois de Boulogne, how numerous the display of parasols of every hue which crowd the shady walks, even where there is no sun; and how often we have been disappointed at being deprived, through their means, of a view of the fair faces they conceal, and of which, presuming from the attention of the cavalier who walks so close beside them, it must be well worth any pains to obtain the slightest glimpse. It has been often imagined that the dainty little parasol now in use, just broad enough to conceal the face, and easily displaced from side to side, to prevent intrusive glances, had been purposely invented to cover the summer intrigues in large cities, as the mask serves to hide the identity of the wearer from all but the companion on whose arm she leans. The most admirable of this kind, however, is the *ombrelle sirene*, beneath which the fair fashionables of Dieppe and Ostend have been wont for years to shelter their blushes while bathing in the sea. The women of Sorrento had anticipated the idea by the hoods sustained by whalebone, with which they aid their approach to those displaying great skill in the manner in which they catch the wind in this novel species of sail.

The honour rendered to the parasol at the funeral of the Princess Borghese was long spoken of in Italy. A footman in splendid livery carried the deceased lady's parasol close behind the coffin, as the baton, orders and insignia are borne at the interment of a field-martial by a herald-at-arms.

It was not till the reign of the late Sult